



# LITERARY Cavalcade

TEACHER EDITION • FEBRUARY 1952 • VOL. 4, NO. 5

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

NATIONAL ADVISORY COUNCIL: Dr. John W. Studebaker, Vice-President of Scholastic Magazines, Chairman • Dr. Robert M. Corning, Supt. of Schools, Washington, D. C. • Dr. Henry M. Hill, President, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee • Right Rev. Msgr. Frederick G. Hochwalt, Director of the Department of Education, National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C. • Dr. Harold C. Hunt, General Supt. of Schools, Chicago, Illinois • Dr. Lloyd S. Michael, Supt. Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois • Dr. Mark C. Schinnerer, Supt. of Schools, Cleveland, Ohio • Dr. Dean M. Schweickhard, State Commissioner of Education, St. Paul, Minnesota.

## One-Period Lesson Plan

### Theme

Some of life's greatest values may be found through an awareness of simple things.

### Aim

To show students that an awareness of the simple values of life is the common denominator between one man and another. It is also a means through which a man's own experience may be enriched.

### Motivation

To what extent do you depend upon sources outside of yourself for entertainment and stimulation? If there were no such things as TV, movies, recordings, and automobiles, would you be able to find contentment and happiness in other and simpler things, such as people, conversation, nature, and family life?

### Topics for Discussion

#### 1. The Answer (p. 1)

Why is the Gettysburg Address a good example of Lincoln's ability to speak to the common man—his wife and children and neighbors? What question did this speech answer for Marcus? Do you think it is true that the really great man never loses the basic simplicity which Lincoln always preserved?

#### 2. Shantyboat Voyage (p. 3)

William Henry Davies, the well-known English poet, once observed that: "A poor life this if, full of care, We have no time to stand and stare." Do you think that the "time to stand and stare" is essential to appreciate life's simple and abiding values? What rewarding experiences came to the author of this story as a result of the leisurely tempo of living on the shantyboat?

#### 3. The Shunning (p. 5)

What aspects of Amish life seem to you to be the most worthwhile? Which acceptance of the Amish principles seems more real and valid to you—that of Christina and Walter, or that of the Bishop? Why? Do you think the Bishop has become so wrapped up in outward symbols that he has grown blind to certain inner truths about human beings?

#### 4. Valentine's Day (p. 10)

The "overgrown Juliet" in this story was unkind to the author. Do you think her unkindness was the result of embarrassment or of deliberate cruelty? Or do you think she was unkind because she hadn't bothered to consider that his feelings might be hurt? Do you think the teacher said what she did out of pity or out of kindness?

#### 5. Interruptions, Interruptions (p. 11)

In what respects was each man in this play unable to understand the other? What were the reasons for their failure to understand each other? Do you think the "bookish man" has lost the common touch? Does Stacey's kind of simplicity make him in any respect superior to this man?

#### 6. First on the Rope (p. 24)

What aspects of the mountaineers' life strike you as being especially worthwhile? Discuss, with reference to the story. Do you think that Pierre, through his battle with the mountain, discovered any values which could apply equally to your own life? If so, what were they?

#### 7. The Signalman (p. 19)

What characteristics of Wiggins and the signalman make us feel sympathetic towards them as characters? Are the details about the signalman's devotion to

his duty, dependability, etc., important in making us take his story—and thus the whole play—seriously?

### Suggested Activities

#### 1. The Answer (p. 1)

Write an imaginary conversation between Marcus and a friend, in which Marcus describes the impression made upon him by "the tall man"—Abraham Lincoln.

#### 2. The Shunning (p. 5)

Check *The Reader's Guide* and other sources which the librarian may suggest for articles on the Amish and illustrations of their customs.

#### 3. Young Voices (p. 14)

What can these selections by writers of your own age teach you about the art of writing?

##### a. "The Valentine"

The writer of this poem uses the word "lovely" three times. Do you think that this word is vivid and suggestive? Suggest another word which might be used in the places where "lovely" occurs. Then try using a different word as a substitute for each "lovely." Which revision is the more successful?

##### b. "Two Visitors"

What do you think this writer is trying to suggest by "alien subject" and "silent enemy"? Do you think the two references are clear? Try substituting two other lines for the lines in which these phrases appear. Do your substitutions improve or detract from the poem?

##### c. "The Forgotten One"

In this story we don't know who or what is being described until the end. Is this an effective technique? Why or why not? Does the author handle it well—that is, does he provide enough clues to maintain your interest, yet refrain from giving his ending away?

## d. "Dog of the Tenements"

The author of this story sets out to tell the story from the dog's point of view. Do you think she is successful? Or does she occasionally slip over to the author's viewpoint and include details which would have been beyond the understanding of a dog? Reread the story, listing any examples you can find of instances where the author—and not the dog—seems to be the observer. Decide whether this story might have been written more effectively from the third person (author) point of view.

## 4. The Signalman (p. 19)

Charles Dickens, who wrote the story on which this play is based, was extremely interested in the supernatural. Check the index of John Forster's *Life of Dickens* under such headings as "Dreams," "Mesmerism," etc., and report to the class an incident from Dickens' own life which accounts for his fascination with the supernatural.

## 5. First on the Rope (p. 24)

a. Give an oral report describing an experience in which you, like Pierre, discovered that you could do something you had previously thought you couldn't do. How was the experience beneficial to you?

b. Write a short theme stating why the life of a mountaineer appeals to you, or why it does not.

c. Ask a volunteer to read the book *First on the Rope* and report on it to the class. Perhaps another student might read and report on Frison-Roche's newest book, *The Great Crevasse*.

## VOCABULARY EXERCISE

On a sheet of paper, number from one to twenty. I'm going to read each of the following sentences slowly, stressing the key word. Each key word is taken from this issue of *Literary Cavalcade*. Next I shall read three possible definitions of the word. Only one definition is correct. Beside the appropriate number on your paper, write the letter of the correct definition. When you've finished, exchange papers with a student near you, and we'll check the correct answers. Then we'll take fifteen minutes to discuss these words and use them in original sentences.

(Note to the teacher: Your key to the correct definition is the answer given in italics.)

1. When Mrs. Widdie preserved pickles, her kitchen was filled with pungent odors. (p. 2, col. 1)

- a. sharp smelling.
- b. vinegary
- c. hunger-provoking

2. He had a *delusion* that an expensive valentine would impress his lady love. (p. 10, col. 2)

- a. sure knowledge
- b. mistaken belief
- c. hope

3. Christina realized that her love of pretty clothes was *heresy*. (p. 6, col. 2)

- a. something opposed to an accepted doctrine
- b. a youthful desire
- c. a type of vanity

4. Her fixed stare suggested that the girl was *mesmerized*. (p. 6, col. 3)

- a. hypnotized
- b. stupid
- c. curious

5. George asked his question in a shy and *tentative* way. (p. 7, col. 1)

- a. hopeful
- b. charming
- c. experimental

6. Henry's community was proud of the *signal* honor which he had won. (p. 8, col. 2)

- a. unexpected
- b. extraordinary
- c. recent

7. The little girl *timorously* approached the famous man. (p. 8, col. 3)

- a. excitedly
- b. fearfully
- c. confidently

8. Mr. Strunk was given to *lugubrious* pronouncements on world affairs. (p. 8, col. 3)

- a. opinionated
- b. mournful
- c. inaccurate

9. The speaker's audience experienced a mounting *torpor*. (p. 8, col. 3)

- a. interest, enthusiasm
- b. resentment
- c. sluggishness, apathy

10. He always *chortles* at any joke. (p. 11, col. 2)

- a. stiffens
- b. chuckles exultantly
- c. frowns

11. He moved so *furtively* that he aroused our suspicions. (p. 12, col. 1)

- a. secretly, stealthily
- b. angrily
- c. determinedly

12. The teacher always spoke *affably* to his students. (p. 12, col. 3)

- a. casually
- b. graciously, courteously
- c. sharply

13. His eyebrows went up *quizzically* as I made my suggestion. (p. 12, col. 3)

- a. disapprovingly
- b. in a teasing, questioning manner
- c. in a disdainful manner

14. The *discrepancy* in their heights made them an amusing pair. (p. 10, col. 1)

- a. abnormality
- b. similarity
- c. difference

15. Carol's *brazen* manner made her very unpopular. (p. 21, col. 11)

- a. brassy
- b. superior
- c. irritable

16. Her conviction that she was being followed was a *figment* of her own imagination. (p. 22, col. 1)

- a. peculiarity
- b. intention
- c. indication

17. His reply to the man's question was *instantaneous*. (p. 22, col. 2)

- a. unsubstantial
- b. prompt, immediate
- c. flashing, brilliant

18. The mountaineers were now approaching a dangerous *couloir* (KOO-lwar). (p. 24, col. 1)

- a. terrace
- b. gorge on a mountainside
- c. waterfall

19. It was necessary that the rope be *belayed* without a moment's delay. (p. 24, col. 1)

- a. loosened
- b. thrown upwards
- c. tied, made fast

20. The guide hammered the *piton* (PEE-ton) into the rock. (p. 28, col. 1)

- a. stone wedge
- b. pole
- c. iron spike to which rope may be attached

## Answers to "What Do You Remember?"

The Answer: 1-b; 2-a.

The Shunning: 1-b; 2-b, e.

The Signalman: b, c.

LITERARY CAVALCADE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 31 1948, AT POST OFFICE AT DAYTON, OHIO, UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY SCHOLASTIC CORPORATION. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 50¢ A SEMESTER; \$1. A SCHOOL YR. SINGLE COPIES, 25¢. SPECIAL RATES IN COMBINATION WITH WEEKLY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, McCALL ST., DAYTON 1, OHIO. GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, LITERARY CAVALCADE, 351 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

# L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



Balancing Clown • A lithograph by Georges Schreiber

FEBRUARY, 1952 • VOLUME 4 • NUMBER 5

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

#### EXECUTIVE STAFF

Maurice R. Robinson, President and Publisher  
Kenneth M. Gould, Editor-in-Chief  
Jack K. Lippert, Executive Editor  
John W. Studebaker, Vice-President and Chairman of the Editorial Board

Eric Berger, Editor, *Literary Cavalcade*  
Mary Alice Cullen, Associate Editor  
Mary Jane Dunton, Art Director  
Sarah McC. Gorman, Production Chief  
G. Herbert McCracken, Vice-President and Treasurer  
Don Layman, Vice-President and Director of Sales Promotion  
C. Elwood Drake, Associate Director of Field Service  
Agnes Laurino, Business Manager

#### EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD 1951-52

Miss Harriet Clark, Danbury High School, Danbury, Conn.  
Dr. Evan Lodge, Supervisor of English, Cleveland Public Schools, Cleveland, O.  
Mr. Joseph Mersand, Long Island City High School, New York, N. Y.  
Miss Edna L. Sterling, Director of Language Arts, Seattle Public Schools, Seattle, Wash.  
Miss Blanche Trezevant, School of Education, Florida State University, Tallahassee, Fla.

**647** *Literary Cavalcade*, published monthly during the school year, entered a second class matter August 31, 1948, at Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright, 1952, by Scholastic Corporation. Subscription price: 50¢ a semester; \$1.00 a school year. Single copies, 25¢. Special rates in combination with weekly Scholastic Magazines. Office of publication, McColl St., Dayton 1, Ohio. General and editorial offices, *Literary Cavalcade*, 351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

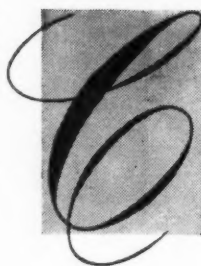
#### OUR FRONT COVER



The humorous "Balancing Clown" on our cover catches the acrobat just as he totters into a fake fall. Down below his partner scuttles out of danger, with his umbrella hoisted as a ludicrous extra protection.

Artist Georges Schreiber was born in Belgium in 1904 and began to draw when he was five. When he came to the United States in 1924, he says he was "a successful and arrogant young man." Within six months he was contributing his drawings and cartoons regularly to many American publications. Schreiber takes his American citizenship seriously. He has traveled to each of the 48 states and says, "My Americanism is not just a piece of paper, I am passionately and by choice an American."

Mr. Schreiber's paintings—in water color and oil—hang in the permanent collections of many museums and galleries. He is a four-time judge of the annual Scholastic Art Awards. The lithograph of the clown on our cover is reproduced through the courtesy of Associated American Artists.



# L I T E R A R Y Cavalcade

VOLUME 4 • NUMBER 5 • FEBRUARY, 1952

#### CONTENTS

<b>The Answer, by Zachary Gold</b>	1
Short Short Story: Marcus had a question, a burning question, but it was only when the toll man spoke that he found the answer he sought.	
<b>Shantyboat Voyage, by Ben Lucien Burman</b>	3
Essay—Travel: Come aboard a shantyboat for a trip down the Mississippi; we promise you interesting company and a good soaking or two.	
<b>The Shunning, by Brooke Hanlon</b>	5
Short Story: Walter liked his fast Arab horse better than anything else in the world—except Christina—but she was almost as headstrong.	
<b>Valentine's Day, by Hal Boyle</b>	10
Humor: This is a love story and a very funny one, but we don't think the author saw anything humorous about the incident when it happened.	
<b>Interruptions, Interruptions, dramatized by William Ludwig, from the story by Edgar Brooke</b>	11
Screen Play: Opening episode from the film <i>It's a Big Country</i> —Setting: a Pullman car; Characters: William Powell and a noisy stranger.	
<b>Be My Valentine</b>	12
Poetry: Verses—some sweet, others bitter-sweet; some modern, others classic—but all in honor of the day set apart for Saint Valentine.	
<b>Young Voices</b>	14
Student Writing—A poignant short short story, an essay with a clever twist, and two poems—all from the writing of high school students.	
<b>"Viva Zapata," by John Steinbeck</b>	16
Picture Story: Scenes from the stirring new film on Mexico—written by John Steinbeck, directed by Elia Kazan, starring Marlon Brando.	
<b>Presenting Emyln Williams in the Role of Charles Dickens</b>	18
Literary News: Welcome to Emyln Williams, the British actor coming to this country to give a series of "readings" from Dickens' works.	
<b>The Signalman, by Charles Dickens, dramatized for radio by Charles Tazewell</b>	19
Radio Play: The ghostly voice warned the signalman that danger and death lurked in the dark tunnel, yet the signal was mysteriously clear.	
<b>First on the Rope, by R. Frison-Roche</b>	24
Novel Condensation: A thrilling story of high mountain peaks and the men who pit their courage against jagged peaks to scale into the skies.	
<b>What Do You Remember From This Issue?</b>	Inside Back Cover
<b>Crossword Puzzle</b>	Inside Back Cover
<b>Chucklebait</b>	Back Cover



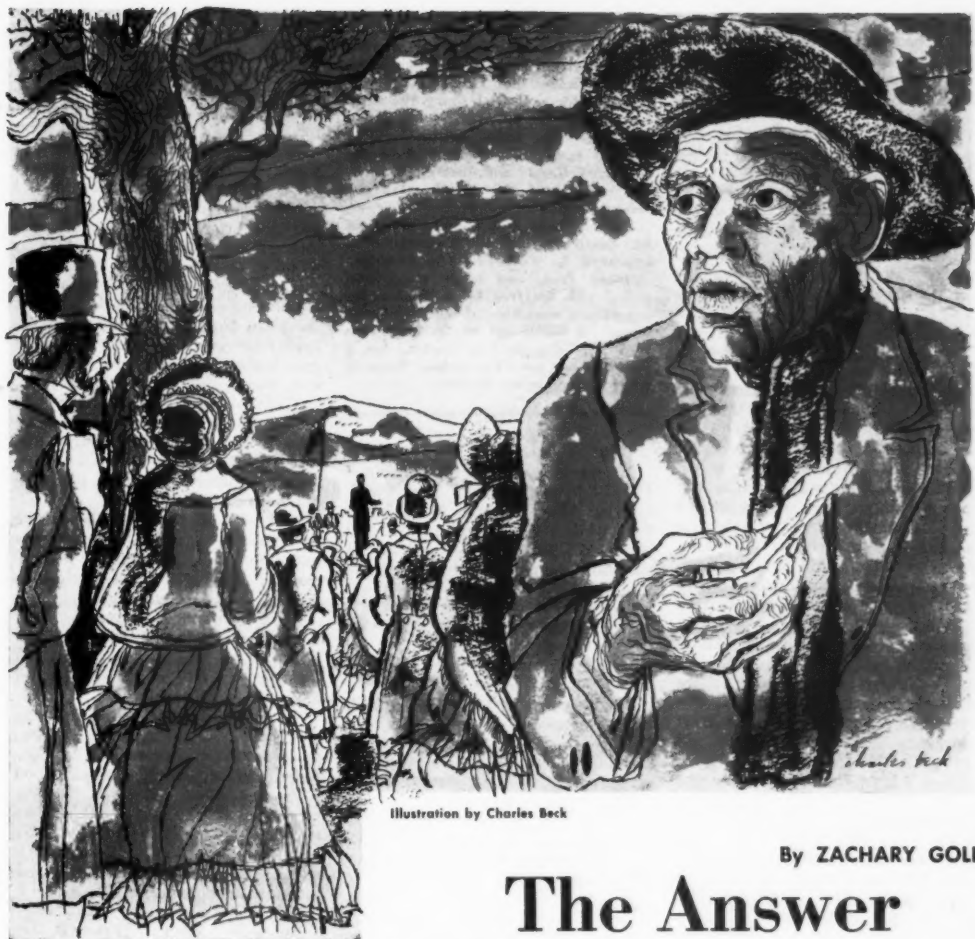


Illustration by Charles Beck

By ZACHARY GOLD

## The Answer

*When the tall man spoke, Marcus found the answer he was seeking*

THE OLD Negro meant to wait until the room was empty and the two men had gone. But coming up the stairs he heard voices and he knew that they were still there. It was too late then. Mr. Wills was standing in the doorway of the room and saw him.

"Come in now, Marcus," he said. "We'll be leaving in a minute."

The tall man, the tallest man Marcus had ever seen, was sitting at the desk writing, and he looked up and smiled when Marcus came in.

It didn't seem right somehow to smile back, so Marcus did nothing.

Reprinted by permission from *Collier's*. Copyright, 1945, by Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

moving to a corner of the room, holding his broom and dustpan, waiting, standing quietly as a shadow. Once he wondered if he dared to say something about Jeff, but he could hear the pen scratching steadily on without a break. Still, someday, he'd tell Jeff that he had thought about it.

He had Jeff's letter in the inside pocket of his jacket and he felt for it.

There was something even in the feel of the paper that brought the boy back to him real and shining and alive. Jeff never wrote much and it hardly mattered to Marcus that he couldn't read the words; it was the letter itself in the stiff envelope that counted. It was getting it and knowing that Jeff

was alive and well in war. That was the main thing.

Now Mr. Wills said: "All right, Marcus."

The old man watched them go but waited until the tall man had descended the steps before he moved. There wasn't much to clean. He swept the room, straightened the scarves on the furniture and emptied a small litter of scraps from the wastebasket. Through the windows of the room he could see movement on the roads that snaked out of town to the hills.

Marcus remembered then that he had to hurry.

Mr. Wills had told him that he might take the time off if he wanted to come.

The whole town would be there and people had traveled from miles away, from Philadelphia, some said—and it wasn't something a man should miss. It was a big day and Marcus meant to be there.

He stood in the empty room and took one final look around. Had he forgotten anything?

Sure enough, he had forgotten to clear off the desk. There was a half sheet of paper lying on it. There were some numbers scribbled on the paper, in a column. He could read numbers and he glanced down idly at the sheet.

1863

1776

—

87

And then because he was eager to be gone, he swept the paper from the desk and stuffed it in his pocket as he hurried out.

There was a hint of winter in the air, although there was no snow yet. Hurrying through the streets of the town, Marcus wondered whether he had time to stop off to get Jeff's letter read. Old Glidden, the Negro school-teacher, was always glad to read Jeff's letters to him, and it wouldn't take long. Besides, it was a long way out, and a stop would be a warm break in the cold walk.

Old Glidden was brewing coffee when Marcus came in. He was older than Marcus—older than most men get to be, but he was sharp and quick. He looked up as Marcus came in. "Got a letter from Jeff?" he said.

"Yes," Marcus said.

"How is he?"

"The letter feels good," Marcus said. "The letter feels like Jeff is all right."

Old Glidden poured two cups of coffee, and then Marcus took the letter out of his pocket. He passed it to Old Glidden, and while he was opening the letter, Marcus bent eagerly to the coffee and sipped it in, feeling the welcome heat go through him.

"Marcus," Old Glidden said,

Marcus looked up.

"This letter isn't from Jeff."

"Not from Jeff. Who'd be writing to me?"

For a moment Old Glidden didn't answer and then he said quickly and baldly, "The letter says Jeff is dead."

Marcus felt the cup shake in his hand and he sat there looking at Old Glidden, suddenly smelling the warm, pungent vapor of the coffee all around him, sharp as the odor of early clover.

"This is from the captain," Old Glidden was saying, softly now. "He says he wanted to write to tell you how Jeff died. He says Jeff was one of the best men he ever knew and he was a good and brave soldier. He says—"

## About the Author

Zachary Gold has based this moving short story on accurate historical data. We now know that Lincoln wrote his famous address in Gettysburg, the night before, and not on the back of an old envelope on the train. Most of his time on the train was spent reading the *New York Herald* and dozing. He wrote two versions of the speech, read the second version.

Zachary Gold is a young author, in his thirties, whose short stories have appeared in *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and other magazines. Along with his free lance writing, he has penned a number of motion picture scripts for Hollywood studios. He is now with 20th Century-Fox working on a script based on Christopher Morley's novel *Parnassus on Wheels*.

"Jeff?" Marcus said.

He was reaching for the letter, and Old Glidden gave it to him, saying nothing. Marcus held it in his hands for a while and then, as he always did after Old Glidden finished with one of the letters, he put it carefully back into his pocket.

He got up.

Old Glidden said anxiously: "Where are you going, Marcus?"

"I told Mr. Wills I'd come," he said.

"I told him I'd be there."

"Put on your coat," Old Glidden said.

Marcus came back for his coat. Old Glidden twisted the red wool scarf around his neck. He went to the door with Marcus.

"You all right, Marcus?"

And then at the door, looking out at the bare hills sharp as iron humps against the November sky, Marcus said, "Why Jeff?"

• • •

It was the sound of a crowd that told Marcus he was there. He was suddenly aware of the people around him. There were more than he had expected and he knew that he would never find Mr. Wills in a crowd like this. Well, it didn't matter. Jeff was dead; the son who was like the morning, full of hope and strength and the promise of laughter.

Marcus reached once more for Jeff's letter and drew it out. There was a scrap of paper caught under the flap of the envelope. He stared at it and then remembered that it was the sheet of paper he had swept off the desk earlier that morning.

He opened it now, holding it against the envelope, puzzling the sum.

1863

1776

—

87

Eighty-seven? He thought dully: eighty-seven?

He repeated the number to himself but the meaning, whatever it was, escaped him. He needed Jeff. Jeff was always the one to tell him things, but Jeff was dead now, and who was there to answer the questions that beat in waves of bitterness and pain against the breached fortress of his heart?

Why was he dead? Why Jeff? What was there worth his young body and the curiosity of his mind and the strong sound of his voice?

Then Marcus remembered who had written the sum and he looked toward the small platform at one end of the field where the tall man, the tallest man Marcus had ever seen, was rising now, bareheaded in the chill air.

Marcus leaned forward, filled with a sudden sense of urgency, listening for Jeff, and for all the young everywhere who give their bodies and their hopes and their lives upon bare and death-struck fields.

And there in the low hills outside Gettysburg town that lay quiet now under the cold autumn sun, the tall man who had scribbled the odd sum on a scrap of paper rose to speak:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

# Shantyboat Voyage

Come aboard for a trip down the Mississippi . . .  
we promise good company and a soaking or two

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Illustrations by Alice Cadby



**W**E SAT on the porch of the shantyboat, gazing across the dark river. Overhead the stars twinkled; beneath us the slow Mississippi swells lapped in lazy rhythm against the bow. Far up the valley a dull glow rose from the horizon, marking the lights of distant Memphis.

A rooster crowed somewhere beyond the willows on the bank. It continued to crow, loudly, urgently, its voice possessing a peculiar choking quality.

Big John, my shanty guide and companion, sitting near me in the shadows, listened. "Going to have bad news in the morning," he said. "When a rooster gets to hollering that way, crowing before his regular time, he's got what they call hasty news—won't keep till daybreak. Hasty news is worst kind of news there is."

I had rented the shanty two days before from a river enthusiast as it lay in the harbor of the Tennessee metropolis.

We washed the dishes, decorated with fat cows munching in a bluish-tinted pasture; the china was already Big John's pride. We went out on deck.

Big John climbed into a gasboat, lashed alongside the shanty to form our motive power. I pushed at the bank with a wooden pole. The engine sputtered noisily. The shanty began to move slowly down the stream.

Reprinted by permission from *Children of Noah*, by Ben Lucien Burman, published by Julian Messner, Inc., New York, N. Y. Copyright 1951, by Ben Lucien Burman.

I took a place beside my companion at the rudder. Along the shore we drifted while the life of the great river unfolded before us in an ever-changing panorama. Fishermen sat in rowboats running their lines, taking from the hooks the catfish and buffalo they would later send off to a fish company in some distant settlement. On the porches of the shantyboats nearby their wives were bent over battered tin tubs, doing the family washing.

A towboat came abreast, and swung to make a crossing. Huge swells swept upon us. The shanty began a frenzied dancing. A great wave came into the gasboat, threatening to swamp us. A second and a third followed in quick succession. The bottom of the boat was covered with a swaying yellow carpet.

I caught up a can and bailed out the water in the gasboat.

"Pretty big waves," I ventured.

Big John spat. "You ain't seen nothing," he answered. "Wait till we meet the *Sprague*. Big Mama, they calls her. Biggest steamboat on the river. You'll be sorry you ever come."

All morning and past noon we moved down the water. We saw a towboat, grounded on a sand bar. Beside it a sister ship, with chains and lines, struggled to pull it free.

Big John swung us past a river light. "Bookkeeper can rub out his mistakes with an eraser," he remarked, "But a pilot puts his mistakes right out where everybody can see."

The sun began to set. We tied up for the night at the edge of a willowed island. A deep silence fell over the river.

It had been growing warmer all day. The air now was oppressive, stifling. Lightning began to flash in the distant sky. We ate, and I went out with my companion to examine our moorings. A black roll of cloud was sweeping across the horizon, like a wide, smoking carpet.

Big John watched gloomily. "Worst part of the river for storms," he muttered. "Help me get a line around that stump. I want all the rope on this bank we can get."

We went inside, and making the shanty snug, sat waiting. Suddenly there was a dull booming, like a distant explosion, coming nearer and nearer. A flash of lightning cleft the sky. By its green glare we could see the water about us churned into great white-crested swells on which the shanty was bobbing wildly, like a float on the line of some colossal fisherman. An instant later rain began to fall in torrents. The din on the tin roof was loud as the roar of the steel mill from which the metal had come.

We sat at the window watching the mooring lines that were our frail link to safety. Tighter and tighter they grew, like violin strings about to break. Suddenly we saw a curious movement in the line that ran from our stern to a tree. It was slowly twisting free.

With a bound Big John was out the door, and dashing across the slippery bank. I followed after. The force of the wind was terrific. We could hardly stand. Half blinded by the lightning, I helped stretch a new line to a great log buried deep in the clay. We darted back to the shanty.

The lightning began to grow paler. The deluge lessened. The storm was over.

In the morning, we took our accustomed places in the gasboat.

Day after day we proceeded, in a dreamy, never-ending world of swamps and swaying willows. Red birds flew by like flaming arrows. Crows cawed mournfully as they drifted over brakes of tangled cane. Far across the levees, overalled men and bandannaed women hoed their narrow fields of cotton. A clock ticked on a shelf of the shantyboat. We looked at it rarely. Time, the harsh ruler of men in cities, had no force, no meaning, on the river.

We had left Arkansas behind. We were drifting between the shores of Mississippi and Louisiana. Spanish moss hung everywhere from the trees. Here and there we saw shantymen pulling the long strands from the branches, to await the visit of the mossboat. In some distant factory these fibers would be re-born as a mattress or a cushion for an automobile.

We were in the area of the great caving banks now. Often the shore would rise in a towering muddy cliff,



seventy feet high, at whose bottom the river was gnawing greedily. As we drew near, Big John would steer far out into the river.

We stopped one afternoon to buy fish at a shantyboat, presided over by a tall, bony individual with keen, merry eyes. Quickly he introduced himself as Tooter Bill.

He slapped viciously at a mosquito on his arm. "Mosquitoes is bad this year," he drawled. "Was up at Jake Powers' farm yesterday up by Tow Mile and the skeeters was so bad I seen his mules kick some flint stones laying there to make a spark and start a smudge fire in the grass, and then they stood in the smoke. Was all right I guess, till

a bad wind got to blowing, and Jake got scared the fire'd catch the house. So he brought water from the river and put it out. The mules was mighty sore."

We spluttered down the river. We were nearing the end of our voyage. When we moored for the night at the foot of the levee, New Orleans was only fifty miles away.

"That bad news has got to come pretty quick if it's coming," I told Big John.

He grunted ominously, "We ain't got there yet."

We went to sleep with the sound of a distant church bell ringing in our ears.

I awakened suddenly, to find Big John shaking me vigorously.

I sat bolt upright and glanced out at the moonlit water.

A giant towboat was coming down the river, pushing a score of shadowy barges. Even in the distance I could sense the vessel's immensity. A deep, musical whistle echoed between the levees.

"Better get up," urged the figure beside me. "Big Mama's coming. It's the Sprague."

I pulled on trousers and my shoes.

The monstrous steamboat continued to swing down the river.

A small tug lay above us, laboriously pushing three barges of sand up the current. The thunderous whistle of the Sprague blew again, in signal. The tug answered, feebly.

Suddenly there came from the smaller craft's trio of barges a strange clanking sound, as of a series of metallic explosions. The barges leaped apart and began to drift down the stream.

"She's broke up the tow," grunted Big John. "We'll get it in a minute."

He dashed onto the shanty deck. I followed quickly. The tug began a frantic attempt to rescue its charges.

The giant steam boat bore down on us, her searchlight piercing the night like the tail of a racing comet. As she swept past I could see that her enormous paddle wheel made other wheels on the Mississippi appear like the work of Pygmies. From the huge wooden blades was falling a vast Niagara.

Suddenly the shanty rose in the air as though struck by some strange underwater earthquake. The two lines that held us to the shore parted as if they were rotted threads. Black mountains of water assailed us. The shanty seemed to stand on end, then lay heavily on its side. Great muddy seas swept over the deck. Streams of water poured from our hair and clothing. Another swell struck, flinging the wooden hull fiercely against the bank. Blow after blow followed, as though the vessel were in the grip of some furious water monster, bent on its

## About the Author . . .



Ben Lucien Burman is one of the few men alive who has probably covered every mile of the Mississippi River — and on just about every type of steamboat, shantyboat, barge, tug, or raft afloat on this broad, muddy highway. The stories he has collected from his own travels and from the experiences of the captains, crewmen, and fishermen with whom he has lived and talked, rank him as one of America's best interpreters of river life.

Mr. Burman was born on the banks of the Ohio River in Covington, Ky. He has published seven books, including *Blow for a Landing*, *Steamboat Round the Bend*, *Mississippi*, and *Children of Noah*, from which the story on these pages was taken.

destruction. The frail boards seemed ready to crack with each repeated onslaught. Each new shock seemed about to send us to the bottom.

Then the waves lessened. The shanty began to flounder drunkenly down the current. Quickly Big John caught up the steering pole and brought the boat to the land.

We made fast once more, and drenched to the skin, peered inside the shanty. The floor was covered with water, rapidly seeping through the joints of the planking. In the murky liquid lay every pot and pan that had hung on the wall in our trim kitchen, and the shattered remains of the china with the bluish cows which had been Big John's pride.

Big John surveyed the broken china with gloomy eyes. "That Memphis fellow you rented the shanty from sure's going to be mad," he told me. "Them cows was the prettiest china I ever seen."

We tied up next afternoon at New Orleans. All about us a myriad water craft were hurrying, ferryboats and steamboats and long tows of barges, tugboats and lighters and rusty ocean freighters, on their way to the Gulf and the drowsy seas beyond.

Big John was to take the shanty off to a near-by canal to await its owner.

"About the rooster," he said, "I been thinking. I guess he was hollering to you about what happened to them dishes."

He climbed aboard the gasboat and started the engine. The shanty vanished into the smoky horizon.



# The Shunning

*Walter liked the fast Arab horses better than anything else in the world—except Christina*



CHRISTINA Seidensprenger worked over the oil stove in the big kitchen, and her sister Hester moved busily about the wooden table near the windows. The company dinner was ready now, and the girls could take time out to straighten their white indoor Amish caps, to glance out the windows at the shining aspect of the farm this early June evening. The family belonged to that one of Pennsylvania's sects which holds religious meetings in the homes of members, and tomorrow the Seidensprengers would be hosts to the service. A special cleaning had gone on all week, and now fresh whitewash was drying on every stick and stone and fence post.

"On the top of which we have town people for dinner," Simon reflected on it importantly at his post under the table. The youngest Seidensprenger was cracking nuts and watching the swaying long skirts of his sisters, and from his hiding place it was hard to distinguish the severe black footwear and somber skirts of one sister from those of the other.

"Now, then, Simon," Hester smoothed her apron, "Will you see if it is time to lift?"

Simon slipped away. He came back to report that the guests were ready, and now the girls moved faster. Christina handed an endless succession of dishes to Hester, and Hester floated swiftly through the doorway with them, skirts swaying. "Simon," Christina caught hold of her small brother during a lull. "Did you take some notice to the girl who was in the second car? She was dressed in what material? How?"—her voice was wistful—"did she look?"

"How did she look then?" He deliberated.

Reprinted by permission from *The American Magazine*. Copyright, 1951, by Brooke Hanlon.

**By Brooke Hanlon**

Illustration by Katherine Churchill Tracy



erated. "Like the top angel on the Christmas tree at the school party, maybe. The same shiny hair and the skirt falling in ripples down. The material I would not know, and you are hurting my arm some."

Christina was standing in a sort of trance, and Hester had to nudge her with a steaming platter. "Set this in front of Pop down and look good at the girl alongside of him," she whispered.

Her brisk push sent Christina through the doorway, and then the thing happened which was befalling her more and more often. She looked at the town girl and stood frozen, helpless. Her mother had to reach out and touch her gently before she could set the platter down. She backed slowly, eyes never leaving the shining light hair, the pleated skirt that was the color of raspberry ice, the snowy sweater thrown over the back of the chair.

SHE stumbled back into the kitchen. "Och, Hester!" she said miserably. "Did you see the slippers then? White with the rosy edge and the toe open?"

Hester looked at her, bit her lip. "The town girls come out and are dressed some different from us and we do not care ever," she said gently. "Are you forgetting how 'the grass withereth' and 'the flower fadeth'?"

"I am not forgetting," Christina added rebelliously. "We fade, too, and without ever looking like flowers first."

"You will go no more over to the Diensts', I think," Hester looked at her more closely. "It's that Almira and Nettie who have been talking such sinfulness into you. I have heard how they last summer dressed themselves up worldly and how"—Hester's voice went high and thin with strain—"they went to such a motion picture theater even. It's a thing which could bring down a shunning onto them." Hester's tongue touched the word as though it had been a serpent.

"Shunning" meant Coventry, one of the worst punishments ever to be meted out to persons of Amish faith, and it struck a chill into the comfortable kitchen. There was a tense, shocked silence, and the three Seidenspenners huddled together.

"Christina," Simon broke the spell, tugging at her sleeve timidly. "You are more pretty-looking than any other girl," he said earnestly. "More pretty you are than that top angel even. . . . Should I not take the sweets and sours now around?"

"Even," Hester gave him the tray absently. "You have Walter Vogelsanger coming now to take you driving around, Christina," she reminded. "It would not

wonder me if you would have him soon to marry. A boy strong and good, and smiling with the eyes always. A farm so rich they are questioned up for those income taxes already. Does Walter come tonight, do you think?"

"I do not know," Christina said listlessly. She tried to think back to a time when Walter's coming had meant everything, but failed. The older boys would be coming in from their chores, and she helped Hester set the long second table in the kitchen. But she kept watching the windows, too. When the rosy pleated skirt rippled its way into one of the cars at last, her heart beat in a strange way.

With the boys in from barn and field there were seven in the kitchen, and when their mother bustled in, smoothing her well-earned bills, the count was eight. Laughter was loose on a June evening in the Seidenspenners kitchen and it touched all but Christina.

Her lips moved in silent torment while the blessing was being asked. "Och, I will go! Tonight will I for the first time wear those clothes Almira has ordered up for me, with the money I have saved. Just once in my lifetime will I watch those movies." It seemed to Christina that she must have cried out her heresy aloud and she opened her eyes, frightened.

"There is Walter Vogelsanger driving himself up," Hester reported equably. "Hurry then, Christina. I will tonight do the redding up."

An odd-looking and springless open buggy of the type driven by the young bachelors of the sect was turning in at the side of the house, and the driver pulled his glistening black horse up so smartly that it danced in the air for a moment. Christina didn't look, but her brothers were halfway out of their chairs.

"Another new horse for Walter!" Jacob's eyes shone. "It's that black Arab from Gabriel." Joseph cried excitedly. And "Look at him," Martin gloated. "He's some wild."

"Christina," Mrs. Seidenspenners crooned it. "It is Walter. Do not sit so stupid."

Christina got up slowly. Walter would drive her to the Dienst farm and would leave her there, and ask no questions. Walter would do anything within reason that she asked him to do.

"Change the cap now," her mother cautioned. "Smooth first the hair down."

This was one evening when Walter failed to smile with his eyes, driving along the highway through the soft June dusk. He wasn't even conscious of the dancings and prancings of his spirited new horse, but drove absently. "I do not see why you have to go again to

the Diensts'." He came back to it, puzzled.

"I have promised Nettie and Almira to help with some quilting for their hope chests only," Christina said in a faint voice.

"Is it something new to quilt for the hope chests in summer? I have not heard before of it."

It was true that Walter Vogelsanger was strong and straight, that his blue eyes were clear and his skin evenly tanned. His long cropped hair had a certain silkiness. But none of this did Christina see, pressing forward. "Could you not hurry a little?" she begged.

"I have thought this summer how you are some changed," Walter's eyes clouded. "Tonight you have said nothing about my new Beelzebub, even."

"He is wonderful nice. Could he not go faster?"

Walter smiled. "If there is some hurry to quilt for the hope chests of those Diensts, then he can go faster." He merely touched his whip to the beautiful black animal and it stretched its legs and was off like the wind. It took the last half-mile like a comet, and they drew up before the Dienst farm in a cloud of dust. Walter was laughing now. "Can he go some faster, my black Beelzebub!" he exulted.

Christina started to get out, but Walter sobered, and caught her hand. "I—I do not know how to say it, but there goes some talk around how automobiles go and come now always at Seidenspenners'. Tonight even, two such cars. Could you not remind your Mom how the bishop grows older and more stern?"

"Walter Vogelsanger!" She was shocked. "There could be no talk about my Pop and Mom ever." She looked at him for a moment and her eyes began to glint fondly. "Walter, Walter! You are just so good or whatever that it hurts you to look at cars the color of plum jelly and with silver trimmed up. It is true!" She jumped from the buggy in a flurry of skirts. "Only when you look at your Beelzebub do you smile ever."

"Come with me, Christina." Walter's eyes were tormented. "Look what a night it is for riding. First I must drive over to help Uncle Eli with a prize milker which is ailing. But I thought how we could come home together alone with the moon up. Could we not?"

"Tonight we could not," Christina's eyes were mesmerized by the Dienst house. She took one slow step toward it, and another. . . .

"I am scared." The words were jolted out of her when they were halfway to

town, crowded into the buggy of the Dienst girls' plump brother Henry. The eyes of Nettie and Almira were shining and their cheeks were pink.

"It gives no danger," Almira said. "Henry does not tell—or we tell of his racing on the valley road. And no one knows of that room of our market friends where we keep the clothes."

"The clothes," Christina said faintly.

"For you there is such a shantung dress in blue with tucks all over," Almira sang. She found Christina's hand and squeezed it. "There is a matching-up sweater, also."

In town, Henry deposited them in front of a little red-brick house and clattered away. In a room with drawn shades the girls shed voluminous dark skirts and petticoats, and donned the forbidden finery.

"Look at her, then!" Nettie in dotted Swiss and Almira in handkerchief linen took in the slim new recruit. Christina was sheathed in shining blue, her slender neck weighted with a horsetail of dark butterscotch hair, rose stains on her cheeks. The Dienst sisters sighed.

OUT in the street Nettie held one arm and Almira the other, and they coached their pupil carefully. Christina was to hold her head up; she was to smile a little, the Dienst girls giggling. The new worldly one brought her head up by degrees; the color deepened in her cheeks. She gave the soft skirts a tentative swing, smiled timidly. It was when she pulled the girls up to a plate-glass window that her laughter started. Her hands flew to her mouth to contain it, but it escaped in gurgles and gales. Suddenly she began to spin, arms flung wide and laughter bubbling. The Dienst girls had to close in on her warily, as though capturing a colt in a pasture. "Hutshli," Almira breathed. "Be still."

The town was a jewel in one of Pennsylvania's garden spots, and the time was its Saturday night blooming. Christina's evening opened like a flower, too. It opened to the accompaniment of dusk sifting down through old trees, and a soft glow spilling from shop windows, and street lights popping one by one into blossom. Cars moved in swift and fluid streams, and Christina's heart thudded and her eyes were wide. When a barrage of shrill whistles came from a car, she saw Nettie's dimples slip out of control.

"Do not look," Almira cautioned. "They are wolves only."

In the theater it seemed that Christina Seidenspinner's heart would burst wide open. Now did she have to place both hands over it and bend her head

### About the Author

Brooke Hanlon is well-known for such skillful short stories as this delightful study of Amish family customs. The background is authentic, and it ought to be, for Miss Hanlon's ancestors cut farms out of the forests of Pennsylvania, where she grew up and came to know the Amish people. After college, she tried advertising, then turned to fiction.

and close her eyes, unable to look continuously at the wonder and glory unfolded on the screen.

Light years later, they were back in the street. This was a night to spend carefully, and when Nettie said, "We go now to get the ice-cream soda or whatever," it was as though she had opened her hand to show one remaining gold coin to Christina.

"First we had better tell her," Almira said prudently, and they stopped. "We have several times met some town boys in the drugstore and have taken a ride with them," Almira got it out in one breath, her color high. "In such a convertible, Christina."

I cannot, I cannot. It was a silent cry in Christina's heart even when, a half-hour later, she was being propelled along toward the car. The laughing and skittering crowd was made up now of six. The owner of the car had fallen to her. He had light crisp hair which curled a little, and he walked with a small swagger and his name was Buck Buckholzer. He eased the convertible from the curb with one hand and offered her a cigarette with the other, and Christina's head moved from side to side, jerkily.

"You can ride but a half-hour?" Buck asked politely. "It's the McCoy?"

"Whatever?"

"Just wondering what the pitch was," Buck said idly, settling back. The car snaked through the streets. Christina's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

When they hit open country Buck's eyes glinted and he picked up speed. They flew like the wind now, and the top was down and Christina's hair was whipped back. She could hear the chatter of the Dienst girls in the back seat, and her fingers were numb from clutching the door handle. She was afraid to look again at Buck Buckholzer.

"Hey!" he said suddenly. "If I wait around are you going to say something?"

Christina bit at her lip frantically. Tonight only. This one night out of all her life to fly and not to ride. This night to wear high heels and the junk jewelry and to have the hair blowing with rib-

bons; to hear gay, foolish talk that was so strange to her. It would not hurt to smile at him some. She smiled.

"Gleepl!" Buck said. "We could go for a real ride tomorrow night, perhaps. What would you say to the park at Gabriel? . . . Oh-oh!" He was leaning forward suddenly, eyes glinting. "Hey, gang!" he called. "Look what's coming! One of the characters. Youee-ee!"

The car lights had picked up an Amish horse and buggy and the car was bearing down on it swiftly.

"Give him the salute," Buck sang gleefully. "Beaver!" he yelled.

The boys in the back seat took up the cry, their voices rocketing in the night. Their laughter rocketed, too, and Buck's hand played on the horn. Christina found her voice: "Do not!" She pounded at his shoulder with her fists. "Please do not!" He shook her off and reached for the searchlight button. In the blinding light the glistening black Arab began to rear and plunge in terror.

The driver was no bearded man but a clean-shaven youth whose face twisted with rage and pain as he fought his horse. As the car sailed past, Walter lost his battle. The horse's forelegs hit the concrete again and it plunged. It went down the highway like a rocket, the buggy careening crazily from side to side.

"Oh-oh!" Buck's laughter had died. He pulled off the road and stopped. The three boys stood up to watch the run-away in the moonlight.

"You did it that time, Buck," one of them said uneasily. "What if he meets a car now?"

"Car nothing," Buck stared intently. "There's that ditch left by the road crew. It's right over the hill. It—Here it is!"

The sound of splintering wood came to them. There was the high scream of a horse, and silence.

BUCK turned the car as swiftly as he could. His lights picked up the fallen and kicking animal, and the boy, kneeling at the horse's head. The swagger had oozed out of Buck. He looked ready to cry, fumbling in a pocket in the car. He brought out a gun. "Its leg is broken."

He went over to Walter and offered the gun and spoke miserably: "I could do it for you."

"You could shoot like you drive," Walter's voice was tight with grief. He placed the gun against the horse's head and closed his eyes. He did what he had to do and his horse was still. But he knelt on, motionless.

He paid no attention to the girl who had pulled away from the others in the

car and was kneeling beside him, until a sob was wrenched from her and she leaned to touch the horse's head. "You can do nothing for him," he said coldly, then. "There is blood and dust where you kneel."

"I do not care. Oh, Walter."

He got up slowly. He stood in a sort of paralysis looking down, and the lights of the car flooded him. "It is— you, Christina." His hat was gone and his eyes were dark in his pale face. "Even looking at you it is hard for me to believe." His face contorted. "Do not touch my horse," he said harshly. "Go on with your friends now."

"I will stay here with you, Walter."

"I wish never to see those others again."

"You will not stay with me ever."

The words were clear and hard. "I could wish never again to look at you. I have heard things, but have never before seen a girl of ours dressed as you are dressed. The hair loose even, as it might have been on our marriage—" He stopped. "Go, then," he said shortly.

"Christina," Nettie tugged at her sleeve. "Is Walter going to report on us? Are you, Walter?"

"I report no one ever." His voice was dulled again. "Take your searchlights away from my poor horse only. I go now to my uncle's house across the field."

IT was midnight or later when Henry approached the Seidensprenger place. Nettie touched Christina's arm, timidly. "Do not look so, Tina. The boys were having some fun only. Could you not say good night?"

"Good night, then." Christina breathed it, her head down. She went into her own house and closed the door.

Almost the entire first floor had been turned into a meetinghouse in her absence, and she had to walk carefully. The folding door partitions had all been opened, the rag rugs had been folded away. The meeting benches were in place, and in the faint moonlight from the windows Christina could see that the worn old hymnbooks had been placed along them at regular intervals. Passing the bishop's chair and the minister's on her way to the stairway, she drew her breath in sharply.

"Walter—Walter." She stood at a window upstairs in her long cotton nightgown and cried out in her heart the messages that Walter would never hear: "I, too, was having some fun only. An Amish boy has his horse, but what does an Amish girl have ever?" Her face was in her hands now, and her hands were wet. "Did you mean that you were ashamed of me tonight only? Did you mean ashamed for always?" ...

In the morning the Seidensprenger family was up and moving busily even before daybreak. They moved with sober but glowing faces, as befitted a meeting day. The service proper wouldn't start until nine o'clock, but, a full hour before that, buggies and gray-topped carriages would begin to gather from near and far.

At half past seven Simon gave the kitchen, porches, and walks their final sweeping. He wielded his broom busily and importantly, trying to keep to a slowed tempo suitable to the occasion. Later he was to have the signal honor of brushing the dust of the journey from the bishop's carriage. He had a spanking new whisk broom set aside for the ceremony.

JUST before eight o'clock Mrs. Seidensprenger completed her check of the food assembled for the midday meal that would follow the service. She turned her attention to her daughters: "Well, then, Christina." She clucked her tongue a little. "The hair strubbled and the cap not straight, and on the Sabbath day yet." She patted, tugged, and struggled to keep her pride from shining through. "The cheeks some pale also," she observed.

"And not knowing whether she goes or comes," Hester put in from the window. "Now, then, it begins." Excitement came into her voice. "There is Walter Vogelsanger driving himself up."

"The first to help always." Mrs. Seidensprenger beamed. "He has promised Jacob a long time back how he would help with the horses. . . . Whatever?" She looked keenly at her younger daughter. "You are taken with a pain?"

"It is nothing." Christina escaped. Up in her room she put fingers to her temples and closed her eyes and stood very still. It was hard to tell whether the pain was in her temples or in her heart. "Let it then be over. Let no one look at me."

These were hopeless prayers. Even now, carriages and buggies were moving in solemn procession toward the house, on every road. There'd be the three-hour service, and the executive session to follow. "The food then and the visiting on and on." Christina moaned a little. "Walter not speaking out to me or looking at me even. It wondering all the people how we are no longer—Och, Walter!" ...

At nine all of the faithful had converged on the house, with dignity, moving slowly. The men had settled themselves on the central benches; the women clustered at the side. The

bishop sat in state with minister and deacons.

Christina, slipping in late, found a seat a little apart from the other women. She sat with her hands locked together and her eyes cast down as long as she could bear it. She had to look up timorously, then, and begin to search the rows of men. She came upon Walter's gravely bent head. He was pale and he looked steadily down at his hymnbook.

"Mom." Christina thought sorrowfully, "how is it that you are patting and clucking with the tongue always, and did not tell me ever how it would be to lose Walter?"

The men's black hats were off. The first hymn had been announced. The Seidensprenger house rocked with a lugubrious and unaccompanied tune.

"Ashamed of me." Christina's lips moved not in song but in silent, stunned sentences. "Ashamed for always, I can see it. Not once looking my way all the morning." How would she stand not seeing Walter smile with his eyes again?

One hour, and two. The meeting was a blur of prayers and blessings and exhortations. At some point the bishop himself began to thunder the ancient precepts. He was eighty-nine years old and his thunder had gone thin and weak, but his audience listened with the utmost respect. They fought back a creeping torpor, waggled their heads in ponderous agreement, pursed their lips.

"Now then," Hester whispered resignedly, "we have that younger generation again."

THE bishop was old and had forgotten many things, Christina thought. Did he know that it was June outdoors? Did he know that cutting herself off from eternal salvation might weigh heavily upon a girl's heart in June, but not as heavily as cutting herself off from Walter Vogelsanger? She locked her hands carefully, looking back at Walter.

"He does not move," she thought. "He thinks now of the beautiful wild horse that he loved, and can love nothing else. The love and the shame do not go together ever."

The service ended and the executive session began. The admonitions were first, and Christina fastened her eyes steadfastly upon the floor. She could never find it in her heart to look at those who were required to avow their wrong-doing publicly. The Hertz boys were called upon to admit that they had played baseball in a field. There were boys who had worn their hair too short, others who had committed the grievous offense of tying ribbons to their whip-

stocks. All of the offenders mumbled their pleas and promises with hanging heads.

When the old bishop got to his feet again a rustle of surprise passed up and down the benches. He stood in silence for so long that every eye was turned his way, and when he spoke it was with a voice pitched so low that it was hard to hear.

"There has come to my ears word of such an abomination to the Lord among our people that it is hard to speak out on even," the old man quavered at last. "It has been reported to me a while back that there are young women among us who have dressed themselves in the shameful half-nakedness of worldly sects and have walked so in the streets of the town."

His eyes raked the benches now in suffering. "On three Saturday evenings have the deacons been sent out to follow these young women. They have found it to be true that they dress so, and that they look also at the motion picture and—and ride in pleasure cars." The old bishop fell silent again. His lips moved as though he prayed for guidance.

"I must call Almira Dienst to come forward." He forced his head up, and his voice rang hoarsely: "I must ask her sister, Genetta Dienst, to come forward." He waited. "There is given to me no choice but to call Christina Seidenspinner to stand up here also."

There were rustlings and sharply drawn breaths. Christina rose blindly, and stumbled in the wake of Almira and Nettie. The bishop let them stand on and on, facing the congregation, the silence beating at them.

"You are to stand here now before us in your shame and in your chosen company of the devil and his angels, and answer some questions. You are to say now with your own lips what you have done. You are to ask the forgiveness of all and are to promise to go in sin no more. Almira Dienst, is it then true that you have engaged in such worldly pleasures as—?"

**T**HE thin and strained old voice came from a long way off. Christina's world had turned dark and it whirled about her. The sobbing of Nettie Dienst could be heard on one side of her, and on the other the faltering voice of Almira.

When Christina's turn came she had no idea what words she found, or whether they could be heard. "Once only," she murmured, frozen. "One time only."

The bishop was speaking again, sadly.

"I have prayed and have taken counsel," he announced. "We are now on the beginning of summer, when our young people must be pulled back from the temptations of the highways and the towns. I have therefore found for myself no choice but to pronounce such a shunning down upon you. Let my people hear"—his voice strengthened—"how for three months no one is to speak out to these young women nor to mingle with them. They are to live, each one, apart in her loneliness and her disgrace, and are to have no communications one with the other even. It is on this day and from this hour that the shunning begins. Go now to your places."

Christina hunched despairingly in her place, her face pale and her hands clasped tightly. The members filed out stiffly, eyes averted from her. She glanced up shrinkingly just once at the set and shocked faces; then she cowered back, covering her face with her hands. She heard Simon crying as he stumbled by.

"You will have to tell me with your own tongue that this has happened." She could hear her mother's voice, and it was lifeless. "Otherwise—it is as though I dream it all out in some nightmare or other. Christina. Look up once."

Christina took her hands away, and sat exposed and lonely in her mother's gaze. She knew so fully what a shunning meant. It was Simon's crying, and her mother's eyes. "I have been too proud of my girls always," Mrs. Seidenspinner said heavily. "Now must I move among my people to serve them with my head down."

"I do not understand," Christina faltered, "if I may speak out to you."

"You may speak where it is necessary in the home."

"Could you then find Simon and talk to him some?"

"I will find him. You are to go now and hide yourself until the people have gone. Sit in the front room with the doors shut on you. I will send food."

Christina sat on one of the straight chairs of the rarely used front room and the shunning was complete. She was stiff in the chair and her hands were locked so tightly that the fingers were numbed. When the door opened stealthily she didn't look up.

"I have planned it out for a long time already how I would give you the first white one," Simon whispered. He tumbled a very young kitten into her lap.

"Yes, Simon." She said it shakily, closing her fingers over the small, furry thing.

"Could I not sit along?" He went on

tiptoe and brought a second chair. "I will sit here and say nothing." He looked steadily at the opposite wall for a moment. "No more will I sweep his carriage out." It burst from him. "That I will say and no more."

"Hush, Simon. Do the people all stay—to eat along?"

"Some only have gone."

"Those—Vogelsangers?"

"Walter went first of all off. He talked with the bishop, then drove away in some hurry with his Uncle Eli. I do not know why."

"Do you not, Simon? Do you not?" Christina buried her face in the kitten's coat.

Simon pressed closer. "There has come someone on the porch up," he said after a while. "They rattle the door some. Should I then open it?"

**T**HE door opened of its own accord. "Yes, well," Walter crossed the room to them and spoke gently. He picked up Christina's hand and held it carefully between his, and looked down. "My poor little one." Walter's mouth looked like Simon's. "I could tell of some older and more sinful he might make the spectacle of."

"You—you have come back, Walter?" Christina could not look up.

"Surely then. Only to take Uncle Eli back to his prize milker did I hurry away. He has given me the loan of a horse and buggy, too, so that we can go driving around until the eating and visiting ends."

"Are you forgetting"—she shrank back—"how I have a shunning on me, Walter?"

"I am not forgetting. Does the shunning hold for couples who are promise-ful, Christina? I have argued it out with the bishop only this morning, and have told him of our plan to marry so soon. Have I then told such a lie, and to the bishop?" Walter was smiling a little with his eyes again. "Have I?"

"N-no," she said softly. Her eyes were very young and very blue, suddenly. "Take now the kitten back to its mother, Simon." She handed it over carefully. "Walter, Walter. You are not then forever ashamed of me?"

"I am not." He drew her to her feet. "It is a little sad only how I must keep you to myself all the summer. You will be some tired of hearing how, in my lifetime, I do not want changes." Walter's smile moved from his eyes to his mouth. "How I like the children in eight or nine steps and how I like a horse always—that you will grow tired of hearing, maybe."

"Never," Christina vowed. "Never will I grow tired of hearing it."



# Valentine's Day

I HATE Valentine's Day. I was in grammar school—young, happy, in the prime of life, and doing well in arithmetic. I had conceived for a fellow-traveler in the seventh grade a grand passion that made the Caesar-and-Cleopatra affair seem low-grade burlesque.

This small-fry queen had everything. Her hair was like a maple tree in autumn. Her nose had the grandeur of a profile on an old Greek coin. Her eyes were those of a kitten. Her voice was soft water falling on old moss. And when she wore bloomers playing basketball, I saw with a sigh of happiness there were no knobs on her knees. Knobs—why, there wasn't a freckle. What a woman!

There was only one thing wrong with this romance. She was three inches taller than I. To me it was no towering difference. At that period, I liked them tall and stately. I didn't mind if I took her to a movie matinee and the street car conductor made me pay an adult fare for her while letting stumpy me ride for half fare. What is money to a man in love?

But this discrepancy in altitude galled her. She lacked that high disdain of crowd opinion that marks true greatness. It annoyed her when the rude ruffians in the class jeered at us as we walked home together.

Reprinted by permission of the Associated Press.

*This is a funny story—but the author didn't*

*think so at the time it happened*

But my overgrown Juliet couldn't stand the laughs. She gave me the heave-ho, and switched to the tallest guy in school. He sat in the next row. I had to pass their love notes back and forth. Mine she never answered.

I tried to grow taller by walking on tiptoe. I hung by my arms from the gym bars so long my hands still stretch to my knees. I gained a half-inch. I tried to read up on something I'd heard of called adolescence. But the librarian wouldn't let me get at the books on the top shelf. She just told me I'd start to grow when my voice changed. And me—still singing alto!

Finally I decided I'd have to buy her love back—the oldest delusion since Eden. I peddled the *Kansas City Star* on street corners for a month until I

had piled up \$3.50 over the cost of living. I plunked it all down for a big cedar box full of chocolates tied with a huge red satin bow.

When I slapped my present down on the classroom table on Valentine's Day, it was the biggest event in the history of the seventh grade. I kept my eyes on the floor, hoping only my chest wouldn't burst and spill my heart on the desk. I sneaked a glance over and saw my false Beatrice with a red face tearing up the valentine I had put into the box. She didn't know she was tearing me to pieces, too.

When I dared to look up again, class was over and my lost love and her tall boy friend were walking out eating my candy. As they reached the door she turned and made a face at me. Yes, and she stuck out her tongue. Through all these years I remember only that it looked heart-shaped.

I sat all alone at my desk. My teacher—that wonderful woman—came over and whispered:

"Don't mind too much, Harold. She will never forget your present."

Well, neither have I. I hope she grew so tall she keeps bumping her head on doorways the rest of her life. Now you know why I hate Valentine's Day.

By HAL BOYLE

Prize-winning Associated Press  
Correspondent

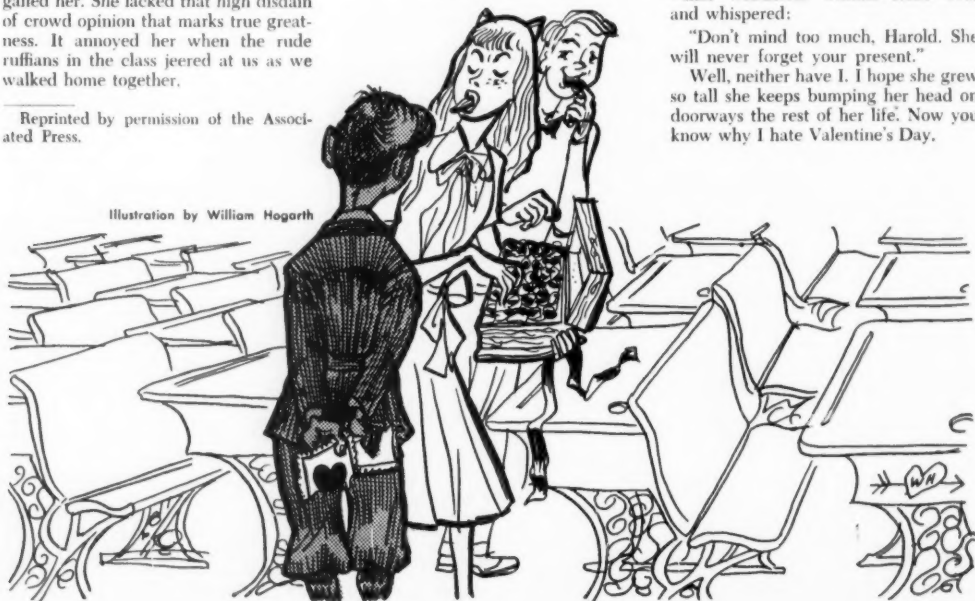


Illustration by William Hogarth



Opening episode from M-G-M's  
*"It's a Big Country"*  
 Screen play by William Ludwig  
 From a story by Edgar Brooke



"I'm just a guy who loves America," Mr. Stacey (James Whitmore), right, confesses to his companion (William Powell).

## Interruptions, Interruptions

"It's a Big Country" is a film about America and the variety—of people, customs, geography—that makes up our "big country." The episode we present here is the first of six short dramas that tell the warm and friendly story.

### Characters

A PROFESSOR  
 MR. STACEY, the nosy stranger  
 A WOMAN

(Shot of modern express train on the banks of the Hudson near New York. Fade to interior of pullman club car. There are no vacant seats. A portly fellow, Stacy, enters and looks about. He seems disappointed at finding no vacant place.)

A man rises from one of the lounges and starts out. Stacey instantly heads for the empty place. Seated near the empty place is a quiet scholarly-looking man. He is reading with deep concentration and makes an occasional marginal note or shifts his glasses to study a formula.

Stacey comes up to him and indicates the vacant seat on which there is a magazine.)

STACEY: You holding this seat for that fellow?

Reprinted by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from "It's a Big Country."

(The man glances up briefly.)

MAN: No.

(Stacey flips the magazine to the low table in front of the lounge and stretches out happily in the seat. The train starts to move.)

STACEY (as he seats himself, pleased): Guess I'm in luck, huh? (As the man doesn't respond, jovially) Saw that fellow get up and I said to myself, "Kid, when you hear opportunity knock on your door . . . (Chuckles in anticipation of the snapper; watches his neighbor for the reaction) . . . don't let him stand outside . . . drag him into the living room." (The man still reads.) Right?

MAN (abstractedly): Yes.

STACEY (chortles): Yes, sir, guess I was the early bird, all right, all right. (As an afterthought) Like to read?

MAN: Yes.

(This seems to electrify Stacey.)

STACEY (delighted): Now that's a coincidence! Me, too. (Very confidentially) Only I don't get much time . . . always interruptions, interruptions. (Leans closer) That way with you, too? (The man glances up, turns a page.) MAN (flatly): Yes. (He resumes his reading.)

STACEY (in a reflective mood): Yes, sir, don't guess I've read a whole book for years. (Takes a pack of cigarettes

from his pocket) Smoke? (He offers the pack.)

MAN: No.

STACEY (the philosopher): Takes all kinds to make a world. (Politely) Mind if I do?

(There is a slight pause. Stacey waits for the answer, still holding the pack of cigarettes.)

MAN (looks up from book): No.

(He returns to his reading, looking back at the previous page to pick up the continuity.)

STACEY (as he settles back comfortably): This is livin'—. A comfortable chair in a train . . . good company. . . . This is livin' . . . (He leans back, looks out of the window.) What a day. . . . (Leans forward) Huh?

MAN: I beg your pardon?

STACEY: Some day, eh?

MAN: Yes, indeed. (He returns to his book.)

STACEY: Ah. . . . It's wonderful. What a country. What a country. What a great country.

(The man looks up.)

STACEY: Yessir, this is the greatest country in the world. We got problems—sure. But we'll lick 'em. Me, I'm just a guy who loves America—

(Slowly, thoughtfully, the man lowers his book and turns to look at Stacey.)

MAN (quietly): Which America?

STACEY (reacts): Beg pardon?

MAN (politely): I asked "Which America?"

STACEY (with a nervous grin): I don't get you. You mean North America? The United States.

MAN: Weren't you referring to the United States?

STACEY (*relieved*): Yep . . . that's right.

MAN (*nods*): Well, which United States?

(*Stacey glances about as if to reassure himself that the world is normal. Then he looks carefully at the man beside him. When he speaks it is with uncertainty . . . he thinks he heard what he heard but he hopes he didn't.*)

STACEY: Look . . . we aren't connecting. (*An apologetic smile*) I don't know what you're talking about.

MAN (*slowly, curiously*): I'm simply asking . . . (*He speaks as if to a backward child*) To which United States were you referring?

STACEY (*with a hunted look*): Listen, there's only one United States. We're in it right now.

MAN: Ah, but I'm sure you agree that there are many United States. (*Politely*) Or, if you prefer, many Americas.

STACEY (*firmly, but patiently*): Look, suppose we're in a plane, right? (*As the man nods, gestures*) That way is Canada and there's Mexico, right? (*Man nods again; feels he is getting some place*) Atlantic Ocean that way . . . Pacific over there. Okay, so far? (*Man nods again; triumphantly*) In between is America. The United States. That's what I'm talking about.

MAN (*as if a light had dawned*): Very clear. Very. (*Stacey sighs in contentment; continues thoughtfully*) Of course, by the time that plane landed, the America you saw from up there would be a different America.

STACEY (*startled*): How's that?

MAN (*calmly*): In the same way, America yesterday and America right this instant are not the same.

STACEY (*cautiously*): What happened to it? (*Involuntarily, he glances furtively out the window at the passing landscape.*)

MAN: Happened to it? Why, if everybody in the world tried to measure everything that changes in America in just one minute, they'd fail completely.

STACEY (*going under for the third time*): That so?

MAN (*nods*): That's so. You see, there are all kinds of Americas. There is the political America . . . Declaration of Independence, Constitution, the Congress, laws—all everchanging. Political parties . . . the courts . . . the relationship of management and labor . . . foreign policy. . . . That's the political America—part of it. Then there is the historical America . . . the land and what has happened to the land . . . and the people and what has happened to them. . . . The pilgrims . . . the minute-

men and the battle of Concord . . . the pioneers and the opening of the West . . . the Civil War . . . industrial growth . . . dust bowls . . . reforestation . . . low wages . . . high wages . . . taxes . . . high cost of living . . . and a million other factors—all everchanging and each changing the other.

STACEY (*trying to get a word in, as he hopelessly founders*): A friend of mine has a grandfather who was in the Civil . . .

MAN (*running right over Stacey*): Then there's the America as part of the world community. . . . The America of World War I and World War II. . . . The America of the United Nations and a dream of world peace.

STACEY: I was at a convention once in Minneap . . .

MAN (*paying absolutely no attention*): Then there's the American personality. . . . The Dakota wheat grower and the Seminole Indian in the Everglades of Florida . . . the Pittsburgh steel puddler . . . the Vermont farmer . . . the scientist at Oak Ridge. The Americans whose fathers' fathers' fathers were born here, and the Americans who have come from every country in the world. . . . The German, Greek, Irish, Jewish, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Chinese. . . . All the Americans. . . . All of them making America richer and bigger and better.

STACEY (*still trying*): I got a friend who's half Indian . . .

MAN: Yes, and let's not forget the American Indian. . . . All kinds, all sizes and shapes of Americans and America. And that includes Texas, if you don't mind. The America of the deluxe hotel suite and running ice water. . . . The America with more bath tubs, automobiles, telephones, and radios than any other place . . . America—the conscience, the heart, the will. . . . More and more American, wherever you look.



"Lady, which America?" Mr. Stacey said very distinctly to the woman across the table. "I repeat, Madam, which America?"

(*By now Stacey is absolutely punchy.*)

MAN (*gently*): And so I ask you, which America?

STACEY (*blankly, from a fog*): What America?

MAN (*happily*): Precisely. Which America . . . or, if you prefer, what America do you have in mind?

(*Stacey's eyes are a little glazed; his voice is husky.*)

STACEY (*feebly*): Let's skip it, huh?

MAN (*agreeably*): Very well. But which?

STACEY (*punch-drunk*): Which what?

MAN (*surprised*): Which America, of course.

(*Stacey closes his eyes and shudders. He passes a trembling hand over his perspiring face. With an effort, he rises to his feet.*)

STACEY (*painfully*): Very interesting little talk. Very. I think I'll get my lunch. (*Turns to leave*)

MAN (*affably*): Certainly. Perhaps we can take it up again later.

(*Stacey winces and departs.*)

(*Cut to medium shot of dining car. Stacey comes in from the club car almost walking on his heels. He sees an empty seat at a small table for two. A very pleasant woman is having lunch. Stacey is studying himself from the barrage of words and from the movement of the train, and settles himself in a chair.*)

STACEY (*as he sits*): Do you mind if . . .

WOMAN: Of course not.

(*Stacey seats himself and looks at the setup in front of him, still going over all the things that the man has thrown at him.*)

WOMAN (*affably*): It's a beautiful day, isn't it?

STACEY (*looking at her a little abstractly*): Yes, Ma'am.

(*He returns to his meditations.*)

WOMAN: I love traveling on a train, don't you?

STACEY (*again looking up*): Yes, Ma'am, indeed I do.

WOMAN: I've made this cross-country trip seven times, and I never get tired of it. I so enjoy traveling across this great country of ours. The more I see of it, the more I love America. Yes, I am proud to be part of this America.

STACEY (*eyes her a moment, then leaning back complacently he looks at the woman steadily, and says distinctly*): Lady, which America?

(*The woman's eyebrows go up quizzically.*)

STACEY: I repeat, Madam, which America?

(*As the woman stares at him and Stacey leans forward to explain his question, we dissolve to the end.*)



# Be My Valentine

## My Valentine

By Robert Louis Stevenson

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird songs at morning and starshine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests  
And blue days at sea.

## Lover's Resolution

By George Withers

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with  
care  
'Cause another's rosy are?  
Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flow'ry meads in May,  
If she think not well of me,  
What care I how fair she be?

## How Do I Love Thee?

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

## Hearts Were Made to Give Away

By Annette Wynne

Hearts were made to give away  
On Valentine's good day;  
Wrap them up in dainty white,  
Send them off the thirteenth night,  
Any kind of heart that's handy—  
Hearts of lace, and hearts of candy,  
Hearts all trimmed with ribbands fine  
Send for good St. Valentine.  
Hearts were made to give away  
On Valentine's dear day.

Reprinted by permission, from *For Days and Days*, by Annette Wynne, published by J. B. Lippincott Co. Copyright 1919 and 1947 by J. B. Lippincott Co.

## Dog of the Tenements

(Here is a poignant story by a new contributor to Young Voices:)

THE gray mongrel trotted restlessly down a narrow, crowded pavement, swerving to avoid bumping into the indifferent passers-by. She was large and nondescript; nevertheless, she held her scraggly head high, as if proud of the numerous thoroughbred strains that had gone into her making. Wet, stringy whiskers hung down from her chin, making her look not unlike a bearded old man; but her most striking feature was the limpid, topaz eyes that stared out from her mottled gray face.

A passing drunk aimed a kick at her, with a force that would have staggered her if the blow had landed. She dodged him skillfully, as one who had survived many such threats. Had she been feeling her usual self, she would have followed him, taunting him from a distance; but today was different. Something was calling her through the haze of the summer afternoon, and deep in her mongrel brain was growing the need to find a quiet place, to rest in security and isolation. She had never felt this particular need before in her turbulent life, and its meaning puzzled her; yet she responded instinctively to the impulse that drove her through the crowded streets in search of a shelter.

She left the busy thoroughfares and headed into a poorer district of town. Dirty children romped in the gutter and tried to catch her as she loped past. She ignored them for the most part, though she snapped at a boy who gained too tight a hold on her tail. As she hurried along, she went out of her way to explore every alley and recess.

Finally, she found what she wanted—an empty weed-grown field, sandwiched in between two poor tenement houses. In a corner of the field, beside one of the buildings, she found a pile of discarded boxes. These would be protection against wind or rain. Crawling into this refuge, the dog surveyed it for a moment with the pride of a she-wolf in her mountain lair. Then she sank to the ground in sheer exhaustion.

Soon she slipped into a fitful coma, dimly conscious of the shower that pattered on the frail roof above her head. For her, that night, there was no peace; only anxious waiting. Then, toward morning, while a soft rain beat insistently on her boxes, three tiny mongrel

pups arrived to join her in the flimsy box-heap.

The pups had tiny pink bodies, and their faces were contorted by tightly shut eyes. Fully awake now, the new mother licked and encouraged each one in turn. She watched their feeble, squeaking motions, and her caressing tongue spoke without words the age-old feeling of mother-love. Then weariness crept over her, and gathering her pups to her, she fell into a deep, blissful sleep.

So alert were her keen senses that the first light of dawn, as it fell across the



Photograph by Carolyn Crawford, South Jr. J.S., Saginaw, Mich., won a third award in 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

entrance to her lair, was enough to bring her to watchful, startled wakefulness. She was sharply hungry, yet she could not bring herself to leave her pups. She wanted no intruder to guess the secret she had hidden there. A whiff of man-scent, drifting to her from the outside world, made her bristle, and her salt-and-pepper mane rose slightly. Yes, she would wait until after dark to satisfy her hunger.

Late that evening, she awoke from a light doze, aware that her pangs of hunger could no longer be denied. Instinctively, she sensed that if her pups were to be fed, she also must eat. Cautiously, she made her way out into the open, blinking a little as the brightness of the full moon struck her in the eyes. Then the scent of food drew her to an alleyway between two crumbling buildings. Out of the foul-smelling street trash, she quickly salvaged a meal and hurried back to her lair.

Suddenly, she raised her head, her attention caught by the sound of voices that seemed to be approaching her lair. As she listened and waited, it was all she could do to keep from howling her fear. What could it be? As the sounds grew louder, she sensed from their tones the danger that she could not know from the words.

"Ya see that box-heap over there? Johnny says he saw an ole dawg go in there las' night."

"He's still in there. I c'n see his ole tail."

"Where?" chorused several of the voices simultaneously.

The danger that these voices suggested to the dog was confirmed, as a flying stone struck the box. As it landed, the mother's heart-beat pulsed rapidly. Then more stones followed, and she herded her pups into the darkest corner, trembling over them in alarm.

Soon, however, another call rose from the depths of her shaggy breast and surged through her—the deep maternal instinct to protect the young. She crawled out of her boxes and stood blinking at the jeering group of youngsters. Ordinarily, she liked boys, and had often gone out of her way for an uninvited romp with them; but she was conscious only of facing enemies who threatened her pups. The dog fixed her topaz eyes upon the urchins, hoping against hope that they would go and leave her in peace. Instead, they began to advance upon her with sticks.

The dog drew back—rigid—as the boys came nearer. The wolf blood that pulsed with the blood of thoroughbreds in her veins took sudden possession of her. She charged with blind, insane fury; and sank her teeth into the leg of her nearest opponent. With wild shrieks, he dropped his stick and fled, the others after him.

Worn out but still snarling, the dog retreated into her cardboard home. Once again she was at peace. She soothed her pups, reassuring them in soft little grunts that all was well.

Within an hour, however, a small crowd, composed of irate parents and a few well-meaning policemen, were forming in the vacant lot. Inside the box-heap, the bewildered mongrel pricked up her ears and listened with increasing uneasiness. Though the new sounds were less sharp and high than the earlier ones, she sensed their greater danger. For a time, she lay still, in hopes of being overlooked and left

alone. But no, they were surrounding her, and beating at her boxes.

Wearily, she rose and stood again before men. The acute despair in her eyes was poignant, yet it passed unnoticed by the crowd that had cornered her. Somehow, from their numbers and their attitude, she grasped a vague premonition of doom. She turned toward the box, ready to perform the last possible service for her pups—to protect them with her own warm body from the attack she was helpless to avert. But she was not to be allowed even that.

"Are ya sure thet's the dawg thet bit ya, Johnny?" rasped a gruff voice.

A sullen boy nodded, and thus sealed the fate of the wistful mongrel. She stood blinking, uncomprehending, as one of the policemen raised his right hand toward her. The crack of the pistol re-echoed through the tenement lot, and the dog went down before it, an inert gray shadow on the parched earth.

The crowd regarded her for a moment, and then dispersed, leaving her still-warm carcass beside her lair. No one noticed the small, pink creature that emerged from the boxes and crawled the few remaining inches to her with painful slowness. It was her son, who whimpered eagerly, over and over again, that he was hungry and desired food. Though his puppy eyes were not yet open, he could smell the blood that pulsed from her death-wound. He was puzzled. She was warm and soft, and she was his mother; yet even as he nestled against her, the heat faded from her body.

Presently the field was vacant, save for one lonely, bewildered puppy, lost in a strange world where hordes of flies had begun to swarm about him in the heat of mid-day.

**Elaine Burr**  
Grasse Point (Mich.) H.S.  
Teacher, Arthur Balas

This next poem has the charm of the old-fashioned valentine it describes.

### The Valentine

An old, forgotten valentine  
I found again today,  
Beneath old things long set aside,  
I looked, and there it lay.

Its lacy edges torn and frayed,  
Its color bright no more.  
Its simple verse of lovely words,  
Has opened mem'ry's door.

Its words bring back again to mind  
A lovely thing long past,  
And leave me faintly smiling  
With the spell that it has cast.



Airbrush by Robert Spitz, Lake View H.S., Chicago, won award in special subjects, 1951 Scholastic Art Awards.

Why is it that a brighter card  
Could never, never be  
As lovely as this dusty one  
Made 'specially for me?

**Jane Greer**  
Washburn High School  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
Teacher, Mrs. Margaret Tryholm

After reading John Bennett's skillful portrait of "The Forgotten One" below, you may feel a glow of warmth if you ever encounter such an old-timer.

### The Forgotten One

He was a picture of neglect and loneliness as he stood in front of the small shop. All day people passed by in a steady stream; but most of them scarcely noticed him. Once in a while older persons, who remembered him in his days of glory, would pause to renew acquaintance. But soon they would pass on, and he would be alone again. Sometimes children would ask their parents about him as they passed by. And a few of the smaller ones would stop to stare.

It was years ago that he had first come to the store. At that time, he had been one of a proud tribe. He and his brothers and sisters had been well known about the country. His clothing had been brightly colored. And although his chiseled features and solemn face were stark and ugly, people still loved him; for he and the other members of his tribe were a truly American institution.

Then times changed. There was the first World War, the Depression, and finally, the second World War. Slowly, the members of his tribe had disappeared. His own appearance had changed with the passing of time. His once stylish cut of clothing became dated and ragged. The bright colors faded from his dress. Only his face preserved its same, solemn air.

Now people did their shopping at the bigger stores, and business fell off sharply at the shop where he stood watch. At last, the shop owners took drastic action, and the old fellow was put away for good.

Like the nickel cigar and the two-bit hair cut, the cigar-store Indian had become just one more episode in the passing parade of Americana.

**John Bennett**  
Burroughs High School  
China Lake, Calif.  
Teacher, Norman Young

Margaret Dickie's poem "Two Visitors" throws imaginative light upon a familiar contrast.

### Two Visitors

Dusk, sweet evening's doorman,  
Approached my reverie  
Not as an alien subject  
Nor a silent enemy,  
More as an old forgotten friend  
Who came an hour with me to spend.

But Dawn tripped much more lightly—  
A gayer damsel she—  
Flicking my eyelids open,  
She filled my heart with glee;  
And though her gradual coming I saw  
from far away,  
She stayed but just two minutes, then  
fled in the path of Day.

**Margaret Dickie**  
Bennington (Vt.) High School  
Teacher, Eupha Bonham

### See Yourself in Print

● Have you a short story, poem, or essay, of which you're especially proud? Send it to the Young Voices Editor, Scholastic Magazines, 351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. Material published is automatically considered for awards in the annual Scholastic Writing Awards, and for honors in those areas where Regional Scholastic Writing awards are sponsored by local newspapers.



Scenes from a stirring new film on Mexico

A Twentieth Century Fox production



Marlon Brando  
plays Zapata

THIS is the story of Emiliano Zapata, one of the great peasant heroes of Mexico, who in his death became a legend that lives on in the hearts of men wherever freedom is held dear. Zapata was for nine years the conscience, the tongue, and the unconquered leader of the Mexican people in their fight for freedom. History records that he allied himself with Francisco Madero in overturning the 34-year dictatorship of President Porfirio Diaz—and carried on the struggle after Madero's ignoble execution. Before Zapata was betrayed before a firing squad, he had kindled in his countrymen the courage to fight—and the faith that "a strong people is the only lasting strength." The film was written by John Steinbeck, directed by Elia Kazan, and stars Marlon Brando.



In punishment for defending the peasants, Zapata is taken by the police. As he is led off, a rope around his neck, silent villagers join the procession in such numbers that the police are forced to set him free.



Protesting the seizure of their land, peasants enter a field, are met by police with machine gun. Zapata, on horseback, lassos the gun.



In his mountain hideout, Zapata, right, gets news of Madero, leader of the forces working to oust corrupt President Diaz.

LITERARY CAVALCADE



Diaz has fled the country. Now that Madero (Harold Gordon), right is president, Zapata and his followers expect the seized lands to be returned to the peasants. Madero, well-meaning but weak, stalls.



Madero is killed and Zapata becomes president. Urged on by power-mad revolutionists who don't know when to stop, Zapata is about to substitute force for justice. He checks himself and promptly resigns the presidency.



Zapata (now a general) finally wins the bride of his heart (Jean Peters). Preparing for his peacetime duties, he has her teach him to read.

Back in his role as leader of the struggle for freedom, he ignores his wife's foreboding, risks his life to secure ammunition for his men, and walks into a government trap. But his enemies cannot kill the ideas for which Zapata lived.



## Presenting Emlyn Williams in the Role of Charles Dickens

**F**AMED British actor Emlyn Williams arrives in the United States this month to give a series of "readings" from Charles Dickens' well-known novels and stories.

In these "readings," Williams will be following in the footsteps of Dickens. Just over 100 years ago Dickens gave his first "public reading" of one of his own stories. His success was so great that he later gave hundreds of similar "readings" in England and America.

Made up to look like Dickens—from his last whisker to the frills of his waistcoat—Williams will use a replica of the desk Dickens designed for his own readings as he presents the Dickens' scenes. Among them will be the story *The Signalman*, which appears in a dramatized version on the following pages.

In tribute to the great novelist he impersonates, Williams takes his final curtain call with his back to the audience and a bow to the empty reading desk.

He is arriving in this country just in time to celebrate Dickens' birthday, February 7.



Made up to resemble Charles Dickens, Emlyn Williams, the famous British actor-playwright, will give a series of "readings" from the great writer's works.

### About Emlyn Williams

Actor and playwright Emlyn Williams is as well-known and as highly esteemed in this country as in his native England. He is perhaps best known here for his play *The Corn Is Green*, which was made into a film after a successful stage run in both London and New York. Its story—of a Welsh mining boy's struggles to get an education—is in many ways similar to Williams' own story.

He was born in Wales, the son of an iron-miner, and could speak only a Welsh dialect until he was eight. He says that as long as he can remember he was always interested in the theatre, and would often garb himself in a sheet and act out his own dramas. He also "read a great deal . . . *Pilgrim's Progress*, the *Bible*, and Dickens. . . ."

Williams went to Holywell County School, intending to be a school teacher. He won a scholarship to Oxford and

made a brilliant record there. By now he was beginning to doubt that he would ever teach, for while at Oxford he saw a Somerset Maugham play, *The Camel's Back*. "I was caught in a spell that has enthralled me ever since," he says, "I felt that I must create such characters and such situations. So I went home and wrote a play."

The play, *Full Moon*, was acted by the Oxford Dramatic Society, with Williams in one of the roles. When he left Oxford, Williams set out to find an acting job. Finally he landed a small part.

Then in 1930, at 24, Williams wrote *A Murder Has Been Arranged*, which made his reputation and set London producers vying for production rights.

In his latest dramatic venture Williams says he is fulfilling a boyhood ambition.

# The Signalman

## CHARACTERS

DARKIN, a reporter  
WIGGINS, a track walker  
BRAXTON, the signalman  
WILSON, a railway official  
GRAYSON, a railway engineer

Story by Charles Dickens . . . adapted for radio by Charles Tazewell

*The ghostly voice warned him that danger and*

*death lurked in the dark tunnel, yet the signal was clear*

*The eerie whistle of an approaching train sounds in the distance. Then the train passes and fades away.*

DARKIN (*calling*): Halloa! . . . Below there! (*Pause . . . no answer*) Halloa! Below! (*Pause . . . no answer . . . then to himself*) I say—what's the matter with the fellow? Is he stone deaf?

WIGGINS (*approaching*): Was you a-callin' to the signalman down in the cut, sir?

DARKIN: Yes—(*puzzled*) but he simply stands there and stares up at me as though I were a ghost.

WIGGINS (*confidentially*): It's 'im as is the ghost, sir—in a manner of speakin'. I wouldn't trade jobs with 'im for a hunch pail full of shillin's some Saturday nights.

DARKIN: Do you work for the railway, too?

WIGGINS: That I do, sir—Wiggins is the name. I'm a track walker.

DARKIN: Ought to be plenty of exercise in that.

WIGGINS: Yes, sir. Even nights I walks east—odd night I walks west. I'm just goin' on duty—an' if you wants to come along with me, sir, I'll show you the way down into the cut so's you can speak to the signalman.

DARKIN: Thank you—that's very kind of you.

WIGGINS: Oh, don't mention it—it ain't no trouble. Right this way. (*Pause*)

Originally produced over Columbia Broadcasting Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission from *Plays from Radio*, edited by A. H. Lass, Earle McGill, and Donald Axelrod, published by Houghton Mifflin Co. CAUTION: All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, etc. are strictly reserved.

as they start down) There's some steps cut out of the rock. Mind you don't slip, now—

DARKIN: I'll be careful. You go ahead—I'll follow.

WIGGINS: Righto! You'll be writin' this up as a story for the papers, I'll wager.

DARKIN: Who told you I was a journalist?

WIGGINS (*chuckling at his own cleverness*): Nobody—but 'oo else would be fool enough to go about riskin' 'is neck to be climbin' down into such a place as the cut? 'Ere's a longish step, sir—if you 'old onto that branch—

DARKIN: Right. You seem to know this path very well—

WIGGINS (*proudly*): An' why wouldn't I? I 'elped make it ten year back. 'Ere's a loose stone—it rocks a bit. Me and Perky—'oo was me mate on the job at the time—figured it'd save us a deal of walkin'.

DARKIN: It's a rather stiff climb.

WIGGINS: That it is—but it's the quickest way out of the cut. 'Less you climbs 'ere you got to walk down the cut a mile below town afore you can get onto the road. Then you got the mile back to walk.

DARKIN: How about the opposite direction.

(*The rumble of a train sounds in the distance.*)

WIGGINS: To the west?

DARKIN: Yes.

WIGGINS: Oh—you couldn't go that way noway, sir. The tracks goin' west run right into the tunnel. 'Aug on, sir! 'Ere comes the express—an' she kicks up a deal of dust an' wind. (*Now shouting above the noise of the train*) Better close your eyes—I

(*Rattle, rumble and roar of train coming through cut—whistle—sound dies down during next speech.*)

DARKIN (*heaving a sigh of relief*): Wheeeew! That was like sitting on the tail of an earthquake. Does that signalman have to listen to that sort of uproar all day?

WIGGINS: About eight times a day, sir.

DARKIN: No wonder he didn't answer when I called to him. If he's been on the job a few years he must be as deaf as a post.

WIGGINS: Oh, no, sir. 'Is 'earin' is all right—'e 'as to pass an examination every so many months to 'old 'is post. Now watch it close from 'ere on. It's wet from the water seepin' out from between the rocks—

DARKIN: There isn't much light, is there?

WIGGINS: No, sir—it's always dark down 'ere at the bottom—cept for an hour or two in the middle of summer when the sun's direct over 'ead. The rest of the year you got to keep the lamps lit.

DARKIN: One might just as well live in a cave—or a mine.

WIGGINS: 'Ere we are—mind that puddle. I'll leave you 'ere, sir—just walk along the track till you comes to the signalman's 'ouse. You don't need to worry none about the engines runnin' you down—there won't be another one along for a bit.

DARKIN: Thank you, Mr.—uh—

WIGGINS: Wiggins is the name, sir—spelled with two "i's" in hit in case you was to mention it in your story.

DARKIN: I'll remember. What's the signalman's name?

WIGGINS: Braxton, sir.

DARKIN: What sort of chap is he?  
WIGGINS: No man on the line knows 'is work better.

DARKIN: Does he mind having visitors?

WIGGINS: I wouldn't think so. 'E's always willin' to pass the time of day, so to speak, when I come by. He talks educated—like 'e'd been to school or done a lot of readin' in them heavy books they get out without pitchers.

DARKIN: Is he old or young?

WIGGINS: 'Ard to say about that, sir. I'd guess 'e was middlin' young an' middlin' old, if you know what I mean.

DARKIN (*suddenly curious*): What did you mean when I spoke of being taken for a ghost—and you said it was the signalman who was the ghost?

WIGGINS: I was just talkin', sir. 'E does look terrible pale and deathlike—but that's from livin' down 'ere with no sunlight—and it bein' so damp an' all. Just bein' in the dark all the time'd do that to any man.

DARKIN: I see.

WIGGINS: Well—luck to you, Mister—

DARKIN: Thanks—and thanks for your kindness, Wiggins.

WIGGINS (*his voice fading as he leaves Mike*): Don't mention it, sir—it was nothin' at all! Good day to you!

(*Sound of feet walking on gravel. The wind starts up in sudden gusts, weak at first, but increasing in strength as Darkin walks toward signalman's house and the mouth of the tunnel.*)

DARKIN (*whistles as he walks along—then, after a few moments*): How do you do—Mr. Braxton? My name's Darkin—I'm a journalist.

BRAXTON: Yes, Mr. Darkin?

DARKIN: I'm doing some articles on all sorts of odd things.

BRAXTON: You think I'm odd?

DARKIN (*embarrassed*): Well—well, no. That isn't the idea at all. But your work—it's different—and not many people know about it. I think it would make interesting reading.

BRAXTON: Perhaps.

DARKIN: If you'd just answer a few questions.

BRAXTON: Why not?

DARKIN (*uneasy—hesitating*): Why do you stare at me like that?

BRAXTON: Was I staring?

DARKIN: Yes. You look at me as if you had a dread of me.

BRAXTON: I was doubtful whether I had seen you before.

DARKIN: Where would that be?

BRAXTON: There by that red lamp at the mouth of the tunnel.

DARKIN: What would I be doing there?

BRAXTON (*significantly*): I'd give a great deal to know.

DARKIN (*with growing uneasiness*):

I was never there—I'll swear to that. This is the first time I've ever been down here—and I wouldn't be here now if a chap named Wiggins hadn't showed me the way. Don't you believe me?

(*Sound of slight wind.*)

BRAXTON: Yes. Yes, I believe you . . . But this time it was you who called out "Halloa! Below there!"

DARKIN (*curious*): What do you mean—"this time"?

BRAXTON: Just that—this time.

DARKIN: Why yes, I cried out something to that effect . . .

BRAXTON (*stubborn*): Not to that effect. Those were your very words. I know them well.

DARKIN: Well. I don't remember—but if you say so, no doubt that was what I said.

BRAXTON: Why?

DARKIN (*puzzled*): Why?

BRAXTON (*still persistent*): Yes. Why did you use those words?

DARKIN: Well—because I saw you below—I said, "Halloa, below."

BRAXTON: For no other reason?

DARKIN (*losing patience*): Dash it all, man! What other reason could I possibly have had?

BRAXTON: You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?

DARKIN: Of course not!

BRAXTON: Very well. (*A note of fear in his voice*) But you must never call out those precise words again, sir! Never again—I beg of you.

DARKIN: I don't suppose I shall ever have any reason to—so you may set your mind at ease, Mr. Braxton.

BRAXTON: Thank you. (*Pause*) You probably think I'm a bit touched in the head.

DARKIN (*politely*): No—no, of course not.

BRAXTON: But perhaps I am. It wouldn't be strange, would it, after all the lonely years I've spent at this solitary and dismal post?

DARKIN: I suppose a man gets used to it.

BRAXTON: Used to it? Aye—it becomes a part of you. I've been confined between these narrow walls for so long that I feel strange when I go up above and into the town. I feel insecure without them—open to attack and danger from all sides. I breathe easier when I can descend once again into this cavern.

DARKIN: I can understand that. They say that criminals who have been surrounded by prison walls for a number of years are practically panic-stricken upon their release.

(*Sound of slight wind.*)

BRAXTON: Yes—so I would imagine. My prison is not beautiful—and yet I have a strange affection for these drip-

ping wet walls of jagged stone. I love the dim half-light and my eyes are so accustomed to the gloom that like my brother, the mole, I am blind in the sunlight.

(*Sound of wind.*)

DARKIN: But the eternal damp—and the cold wind that comes out of the tunnel—and the rattle and roar and shriek of the passing trains . . .

BRAXTON: I don't mind them. Did you ever read about Saint George and the Dragon?

DARKIN: Yes—of course.

BRAXTON (*confiding*): I sometimes think of myself as Saint George. The mouth of the tunnel is the entrance to the Dragon's cave. Every morning, at eight, he rushes out for his breakfast. I can see his one gleaming, white eye coming through the dark—growing larger and larger as he approaches.

DARKIN: And like Saint George, do you try to stop him?

BRAXTON: Oh, no—although I could by hanging this red lantern on that post. He's afraid of red lights—terrified. If he sees a red lantern he stops dead in his tracks and the ground shakes with his trembling!

DARKIN: What does your dragon eat, Braxton?

BRAXTON (*carried away by his own imagination*): I don't know. His feeding ground is somewhere out through that cut in the level country. He goes rushing out—throwing fire and smoke from his nostrils and rattling his metal scales on the tracks. Two hours go by—and then he comes rushing back into his cave again.

DARKIN: The same dragon?

BRAXTON: The very same. According to the time-table, it's No. 48 that comes out—and No. 32 that goes back. But I know his voice—and it's the very same dragon. He comes out and goes back four times every day. He went out just a bit ago—

DARKIN: Yes—I saw and heard him as I was climbing down into the cut.

(*Distant humming vibration of approaching train.*)

BRAXTON: He'll be coming back any moment now. Put your hand here on the track . . . Feel that vibration? . . . Now listen . . . ! Hear him? Some day his great weight will break through the crust of the earth, and the whole world will fall into the hole!

(*The distant rattle and roar is heard growing louder as the train approaches.*)

BRAXTON (*voice rising*): His breath is so hot that it withers the grass along his path!

(*Sound of train grows louder and nearer almost drowning out the words.*)

BRAXTON (*voice rising above the noise*): When he screams, all the





Illustration by Charles Beck

demons run back to Hades and cover their ears!

(Train whistle.)

BRAXTON (shouting): The clang of his metal tongue in its fiery jaws is the sound of brazen gongs!

(Thunder and rattle and roar of train coming close—bell ringing.)

BRAXTON (shrieking over din): The dragon goes back to his cave!

(The terrifying din of an express train racing by.)

DARKIN (shouting): Braxton! . . . Braxton! . . . Stand back!

(Train sounds die away in the distance . . . slowly . . . to silence . . .)

DARKIN (upset): Good Lord, man . . . You need to get away from here . . . take a holiday . . . anywhere . . . Your nerves are stretched to the snapping point . . . you'll have a breakdown . . .

(Sound of slight wind.)

BRAXTON: I can't go away. If I do—there'll be death for someone—and I won't be here to stop it.

DARKIN: But, look here, old man—it's all very well to have a sense of duty—and probably there's a great responsibility on your shoulders doing this job—but, after all, the man who took your place might be just as efficient.

BRAXTON: Efficient—yes! (almost hysterical) But would he be able to see the ghost? The ghost who warns of danger? Would his eyes be able to pierce the dark and the smoke and read the warnings of the grey ghost who lives in the tunnel?

DARKIN: What are you talking about, Braxton! You're shaking like a leaf—you're chilled through, and so am I. Let's both go into your switch-house

now and get out of this infernal wind.

BRAXTON: Very well. Come—this way . . . (Slight pause)

(Sound of door opening and the footsteps of the two men on the bare wooden floor. Door closes . . . wind suddenly shut out.)

DARKIN (More relaxed): This is a lot better. You've got a snug little place here, Braxton.

BRAXTON: Yes, I'll put a few more coals in the stove—

(Door of small stove being opened. Rattle of small chunks of coal in scuttle as it is lifted. Coals being poured from scuttle into stove. Slam of stove lid. Scuttle being replaced on the floor.)

DARKIN (through the sound): Looks as though you'd done some reading . . . heavy reading at that . . . Economics . . . History.

BRAXTON: It passes the time.

DARKIN: A French grammar and dictionary. Do you speak the language?

BRAXTON: In a way, sir. I've studied it myself. I doubt if any French student or native of France would understand my attempts to speak the language. I pronounce the words as I judge they would be pronounced.

DARKIN: That's very interesting. Are you a college man?

BRAXTON: No, sir. I've learned what little I know right here.

DARKIN: Really?

(Sound of the telegraph instrument as it begins its dot-dash chatter. It lasts for a few seconds.)

DARKIN: Is that for you?

BRAXTON: No—that's for the man at the other end of the tunnel. Take that chair, sir—it's more comfortable.

DARKIN: Thanks. (The professional

journalist once again) Just what are your duties, Braxton?

BRAXTON: They are very simple. I change the signal, trim the lights, and turn the handle on the switch now and then.

DARKIN: No manual labor? Exactness and watchfulness are about all that is required of you?

BRAXTON: Yes, sir. There are many long hours when I have nothing to do.

DARKIN: How do you pass the time?

BRAXTON: Reading—studying—and thinking. It's a quiet life, sir—but I've gotten into the routine and it doesn't bother me any more. It did at first—the first year I was down here, I used to climb up the rocks to the very top and sit in the sun when I knew I had a free hour. (Pause) But I gave that up.

DARKIN: Why?

BRAXTON: I kept listening for the sound of the telegraph instrument—or the ring of the little bell they use to call me. It was on my mind all the time, you see. It wasn't much of a relaxation—so I gave it up.

DARKIN: I understand. (Leading him on) A little while ago, Braxton—just before we came in here—you spoke of seeing a specter—a ghost.

BRAXTON (slowly): Yes, sir. I've seen it many times—and heard it too.

DARKIN: It has spoken to you?

BRAXTON: Yes, sir.

DARKIN: When?

BRAXTON: The first time was just about a year ago. Yes, sir—come to think of it—it was just a year ago this very night.

DARKIN: What did it say?

BRAXTON: I was sitting here—reading—when suddenly I heard a voice cry out, "Halloa! Below there!"

DARKIN: Where did this voice come from?

BRAXTON: I wasn't sure, sir.

DARKIN: What did you do?

BRAXTON: I started up—and looked out that door—

DARKIN: And saw no one.

BRAXTON: I wish I had, sir. Or I wish I had seen someone like you—standing at the top of the cut—as you did tonight. I suppose you thought I was ungracious when you first introduced yourself to me. I didn't mean to appear that way—but it was because I was so startled that you had used the very words of the ghost—"Halloa! Below there!"

DARKIN: But what was it you saw that night?

BRAXTON: I saw someone standing near the red light at the entrance to the tunnel. Then the voice cried out again, and it seemed hoarse with shouting—"Halloa! Below there! Look out!"

DARKIN: Well?

BRAXTON: Well—I caught up my

lamp, turned it on red, and ran toward the figure, calling, "What's wrong? What's happened? Where?"

DARKIN: Did it answer?

BRAXTON: No—it just stood there outside the blackness of the tunnel. I ran right up to it—but as I stretched out my hand to pull at its sleeve—it vanished!

DARKIN: It was someone's idea of a lark. They ran into the tunnel.

BRAXTON: No—because I ran into the tunnel, too—for a distance of five hundred yards or more. Then I stopped and held my lamp high overhead—and saw nothing save the numbers that tell the measured distance—the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I—I ran out again faster than I had run in.

DARKIN: But—dash it all, Braxton—in this day and age—

BRAXTON: I know—I didn't believe either—then I did go back to the office and telegraphed both ways down the line, "An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?" The answer came back directly—both ways, "All well."

DARKIN: (reassuring him): Surely that convinced you that the whole affair was a hoax—or else a figment of your own imagination. I can easily understand how it could have happened. That wind out there in this unnatural valley makes a wild harp out of the telegraph wires—and it could be mistaken for a human or inhuman cry of distress. Then—the shadows—

BRAXTON: Pardon me, sir—but that is not the end of the story. You see—six hours later—that same night—one of the most horrible accidents took place! Within ten hours the dead and dying were brought through the tunnel and passed over the spot where the ghost had stood!

DARKIN: Yes, I remember that wreck. A frightful affair. Still—the appearance of your ghost on the same night may have had nothing to do with it. A remarkable coincidence—

BRAXTON: A coincidence!

DARKIN: Yes—one that would make a very deep impression on you—or me—or any man. But remarkable coincidences are continually taking place—

BRAXTON: True—but the same coincidence seldom occurs twice—rarely three times—(becoming hysterical) and never, I believe for four or five or six or seven—!

DARKIN: You mean that the same thing happened again?

BRAXTON: Again and again and again! As I said—that particular accident was a year ago tonight. Six or seven months passed—and then, one morning, just as the day was breaking, I saw the ghost again!

DARKIN: Where?

BRAXTON: In the very same place! By the entrance to the tunnel!

DARKIN: Did it cry out again?

BRAXTON: No—it was silent. It was leaning against the shaft of the signal lamp—with both hands before its face—like this—

DARKIN: Did you go up to it?

BRAXTON: No—I came in here and sat down—partly to collect my thoughts and partly because the sight had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, the daylight was above me, and the ghost—was gone!

DARKIN: What happened after that appearance? Another accident?

BRAXTON: Yes. That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed a flutter of white cloth. I saw it just in time to signal the engine driver with my flag and he put on his brakes—but the train drifted a hundred or fifty yards or more down the cut—

DARKIN: You ran after it?

BRAXTON: Yes. As I ran I could hear terrible screams and cries of anguish—

DARKIN: Well?

BRAXTON: A young woman, passing from car to car, had stumbled and slipped down between. Her death was practically instantaneous. It was her companions who were screaming. They carried her in here.

DARKIN: A second coincidence.

BRAXTON: There were others. I could name you a half a dozen—but it is the past week that is on my mind. Every night the specter has appeared—but nothing has happened!

DARKIN: Every night?

BRAXTON: Yes, I thought you were he tonight when you called out.

DARKIN: He always appears at the same place?

BRAXTON: Yes—at the danger light.

DARKIN: What does he do?

BRAXTON: For the past seven nights he has stood there with his left arm flung across his face—as though to shut out some horrid sight—the right arm he waves, as though to say, "For the Lord's sake—clear the way!"

DARKIN: But he says nothing?

BRAXTON: If that were only the case! No—for many minutes together he calls to me, "Below there! Look out! Look out!"

DARKIN: Look out for what?

BRAXTON: If I only knew, sir! If I could but learn what he's warning me against! (Almost pleading with Darkin) What is the danger? Where is the danger? What can I do?

DARKIN: Nothing. Braxton—except wait for some further word from your strange guest.

BRAXTON: But don't you understand? There's danger overhanging somewhere

on the line! Some dreadful calamity is going to happen!

DARKIN: Why not do what you did the first time—telegraph in both directions?

BRAXTON: But they'd believe that I was mad—because I could give no sane reason for the alarm! They would discharge me—what else could they do? (pause) Perhaps—perhaps I am mad.

DARKIN: No. No—I don't think so. You're not well. You're sick in body and mind from being down here so long—and the responsibility of your post has gotten on your nerves.

BRAXTON: I wish I could believe that that is what is wrong.

DARKIN: You've got to believe it, Braxton. I tell you what—I'll look up some doctor who specializes in nervous disorders—and you must come with me to see him.

BRAXTON: Would this doctor be able to explain the ringing of the bell?

DARKIN: What bell?

BRAXTON: That bell—the one over my desk. The one that the other operator on the line uses to summon me.

DARKIN: Your ghost rings that?

BRAXTON: Frequently.

DARKIN: Tonight?

BRAXTON: Yes.

DARKIN: During the last few minutes?

BRAXTON: During the last few minutes.

### About the Author

Charles Tazewell is a free lance short story writer, playwright, and actor. His interest in the theatre began during his high school days in Des Moines, Iowa, when he earned spending money by playing extra parts with the old Princess Stock Company. After he was graduated from high school, Mr. Tazewell set off for New York to study acting, played various roles on Broadway, and wrote free lance stories and plays on the side. Since 1932 he has been writing primarily for radio.

DARKIN: It hasn't rung, Braxton.

BRAXTON: Do you mean to say you haven't heard it?

DARKIN: No.

BRAXTON: But—it's ringing now!

DARKIN: It's your imagination. The bell is not ringing—and probably it has never rung at any other time except when some station wishes to communicate with you.

BRAXTON: Listen—!

DARKIN: I tell you the bell—

BRAXTON: (interrupting fearfully): Not the bell—outside—the ghost's calling—

DARKIN: I hear nothing—save the

moaning of the wind in the wires.

BRAXTON: He's standing out there by the danger light calling to me—"Halloal Below there! Look out! Look out!"

DARKIN: Braxton—no one is out there!

BRAXTON (with growing hysteria): When he first appeared—why didn't he say "She is going to die! Let them keep her at home!" Why?

DARKIN: Stop it. Braxton—stop it, I say!

BRAXTON (weeping hysterically): If he did that just to prove his warnings were true—so that I'd believe him the third time—and the fourth and the fifth—why doesn't he warn me plainly now? God help me! Why doesn't he go to someone with the power to understand and the power to act?

DARKIN: Braxton—get hold of yourself!

BRAXTON (shouting hysterically): I believe! . . . I believe! . . . but what can I do—what can I do?

DARKIN: Listen to me, Braxton! Listen to me if you value your sanity! If you go on like this you'll end up in an asylum! You must put the whole affair out of your mind.

BRAXTON (begging): How can I do that?

DARKIN: By realizing that you're an intelligent, painstaking and exact individual! You've allowed a series of events to upset your balance—until you are on the brink of utter collapse! You've got to get a grip on yourself! You've got to—for your own sake—the sake of your job—and the safety of those people whose lives depend on your performance of that job!

BRAXTON: I know—do you think I haven't told myself that over and over again?

DARKIN: But you've got to do something about it! Come—we'll walk down to the danger light and see what we can see. There's probably some very logical explanation for the appearance of your ghost—some combination of light and shadow that creates an optical illusion. Come along, Braxton—I'll put an end to your ghost.

BRAXTON: If you only could—  
(Door opens—outside the wind is heard.)

DARKIN: There's your voice, I'll wager—(Door closes) It's that moaning wind. If you listened to that sound long enough you might come to believe it to be a whole chorus of departed spirits—

(Sound of footsteps walking along gravel roadbed.)

DARKIN: And there's your danger light—shining ruby and bright.

BRAXTON: Yes—I trimmed it just before you came—

DARKIN: Do you see any sign of your ghostly visitor?

BRAXTON: No . . . No, he isn't there.

DARKIN: You see? Without belief he does not exist. I don't believe in him—there is no such thing as the supernatural—therefore he cannot appear to you.

(Sound of footsteps stop.)

BRAXTON: This is the spot where I first saw him.

DARKIN: Here?

BRAXTON: No—not on the tracks. Over there to the side.

DARKIN: But that's impossible, Braxton. You couldn't see anyone there!

BRAXTON: But I did.

DARKIN: You couldn't. It's too dark. The rays from the lantern don't fall in that direction.

BRAXTON: Nevertheless, I saw him—plainly. This is where he always stands. He was here last night—as I told you—with his left arm flung across his face as if to shut out some terrible sight—and waving the right arm frantically . . . and calling, "Below there! Look out! Look out!"

DARKIN: And you were standing where?

BRAXTON: On the tracks—directly in front of the signal house.

DARKIN: Very well, Braxton—I'm going to prove to you that you couldn't have seen him. I'm going to stand here on the spot you have designated—and I want you to walk down the track—

BRAXTON: Yes, sir.

DARKIN: Stop when you come to the place where you were standing last night—and then turn around and see if you can see me.

BRAXTON: Very well, sir.

(Footsteps on gravel roadbed, going away from mike.)

DARKIN (raising voice): I'm going to teach you to laugh at ghosts, Braxton. BRAXTON (away from mike): This is the place, sir.

DARKIN: Good—now turn around—

BRAXTON: Yes, sir.

DARKIN: Now—can you see me here in the shadows?

BRAXTON (away): No, sir—I can't.

DARKIN: Well—doesn't that prove to you that you couldn't have seen anyone standing here last night—or any other night?

(Sound of a train rumble in the distance.)

BRAXTON (off mike, some distance from Darkin): Yes, sir—I guess it does.

(Sound of train grows louder.)

DARKIN: And if you couldn't see the person—you couldn't see what he was doing—you couldn't see him wave to you—or throw one arm across his face—

BRAXTON (off mike): No, sir.

(The piercing whistle and the clatter

of the train are suddenly quite close.)

DARKIN (shouting madly above din of train): Braxton! . . . BRAXTON! . . . LOOK OUT! . . . BELOW THERE . . . LOOK OUT!! . . . LOOK OUT!! . . . LOOK OUT!!!

(Rattle and rumble and shriek of train coming through the cut . . . sound rises to a peak—and then dims gradually away as the train enters tunnel and vanishes completely. A second's pause . . .)

WILSON: I can't understand how it happened.

GRAYSON: Neither can I, sir. The light on the engine picked him up a quarter of a mile away—and I whistled. There was plenty of time for him to step off the track.

WILSON: Didn't he make any move at all?

GRAYSON: No, sir—he was staring up toward the danger light at the entrance to the tunnel. I don't think Braxton ever heard the whistle. I put on the air and tried to stop—but you can't do it in that distance.

WILSON: No—I know. It wasn't your fault, Grayson.

GRAYSON: No—there wasn't anything I could do. I'm thankful I haven't got that on my mind. But it's got me upset, sir.

WILSON: You're not the only one. That journalist—Darkin, I think his name is—is up in the hospital for observation. They had to strap him in bed.

GRAYSON: I can understand the shock he must have had. My light picked him up just after I whistled—and he stood there waving his arms at poor Braxton and yelling for him to get off the track.

WILSON: But didn't Braxton see him?

GRAYSON: He must have, sir—that's what I can't figure out. His back was turned my way and he was staring right up the track toward the tunnel and this other chap.

WILSON: That's odd—

GRAYSON: Yes, sir. Just as the engine hit Braxton this writer chap threw up his arm across his face—as though he was trying to shut out the sight—but he kept waving the other arm frantically—

WILSON: A terrible accident.

GRAYSON: Yes, sir. One that I won't forget in a long while. The train drifted into the tunnel for a few hundred yards before I could stop—but I'll never forget that writer chap's face as we passed. It was white as death. Standing there by that danger light he looked just like a ghost—yes, sir! And he was still calling, "Below there! Look out! Look out! Look out!"

(Sound, as a theme, of railway train approaching—passing—and fading away in distance.)

# First on the Rope

**Novel condensation: A thrilling story—as breath-taking as the Alps—of men who pit their courage against the peaks**

**T**HE TWO men had left Courmayeur that morning at the hour when the dew rises in blue wisps from the stone-tiled roofs. They walked quickly up the road and passed a little mountain village still asleep in its green hollow.

At the first zigzag, where the path begins to attack the slope in earnest, the two climbers halted. The younger was first to stop—a strapping young fellow who had walked jauntily, mowing down the nettles in his path with a sweep of his ice-axe, stopping suddenly to look back at the village and the peaceful valley shimmering under a sapphire sky. A few yards behind came the older man, who had walked up at a slow rhythmical pace, bending his knee slightly at each step as if trying to feel the earth under his thick nailed soles.

"That's enough larking, Pierre, my boy," he grunted as he joined the other. "Let's put our sacks down and have a breather."

They slipped their huge guides' rucksacks off their shoulders: they were made of solid leather, marked by sun and air, scratched and worn by the rub of rock. Then they sat on the bank by the side of the path.

"How long from here to the Col, uncle?"

"Six hours—and it's going to be hot, so I'll go in front and set the pace. You'd walk your legs off at the rate you're going—and I'm sixty years old. Mercy on us, sixty years old, and they want to make me retire! As if my strength didn't count for something! Look at these hands, young fella-melad: do you think they can't get a proper grip? Mark me—these hands of Red Joseph's have never let go, never. I tell you—not even on that day when half a ton of rock came down and I

took the whole weight of the rope in my fists."

Joseph Ravanat, generally known as Red Joseph, was one of the heroes of the French Alps; he had been called the guide of kings and the king of guides. This was the end of his last big expedition. According to the rules of the Chamonix Corps of Guides he had to go on the retired list at sixty, and take no further engagements. This is the inexorable law of the mountains, which demand for their service men in the prime of life and health. And Ravanat, still at the top of his form, grumbled as any old salt forcibly barred from the sea.

The two men started up again in silence. Ravanat walked in front, back bowed, his left hand hitched into the strap of his rucksack to take some of the weight off his shoulders. Pierre Servettaz followed, adapting his stride to the older man's. A newcomer to the Alps would have been surprised at the lightness with which the two mountaineers put their feet down on the loose stones of the path. Not a pebble moved, and their bootnails bit evenly into the ground.

## Born to the Peaks

So this was Ravanat's last expedition. During the past few days he had traversed Mont Blanc, from Chamonix to the Italian side, as guide to two young women from whom he had parted at Courmayeur. His nephew, Pierre Servettaz, a strong young man of twenty-two, had accompanied them as porter.

Climbing with the confidence that comes from belonging to a family of hereditary mountaineers, Pierre was always a welcome member on a rope. His father, Jean Servettaz, a man of forty-five, was considered the outstanding guide of the present generation; but—though he would on occasion deny it—the elder Servettaz had spared no pains to educate his son for another life.

"It's enough to risk one member of the family," he pointed out. "Pierre will run a hotel—it's a job that brings in more cash with less danger."

In anticipation of that day Jean Servettaz had already, during the leisure hours of the off-season, added a story to the two-hundred-year-old chalet that he owned at Moussoux, just above Chamonix.

Pierre had followed the line indicated by his father. He was an obedient son—in Savoy paternal authority is no laughing matter—and was successfully equipping himself to run the small hotel that it would be his business to enlarge and make prosper. But in his own heart, he looked forward to his future life with no enthusiasm whatever; he envied the local lads, who from one year's end to the other led the free and hazardous life of guides. He had a vague feeling that here was a calling with something noble about it, something indefinable, that even the mountaineers themselves could not rightly understand, but that made different men of them, initiates of a mysterious world whose secrets no outsider could share.

Hitherto, Pierre had not tried to analyze the source of the happiness that he felt when he passed beyond the grassy Alps to the solitude of the high peaks. "I couldn't live in the plains," he would say: "I've got to be among the hills—but I don't exactly know why." Then an event, which threatened to destroy all the plans that a prudent father had made for Pierre, had happened the day before.

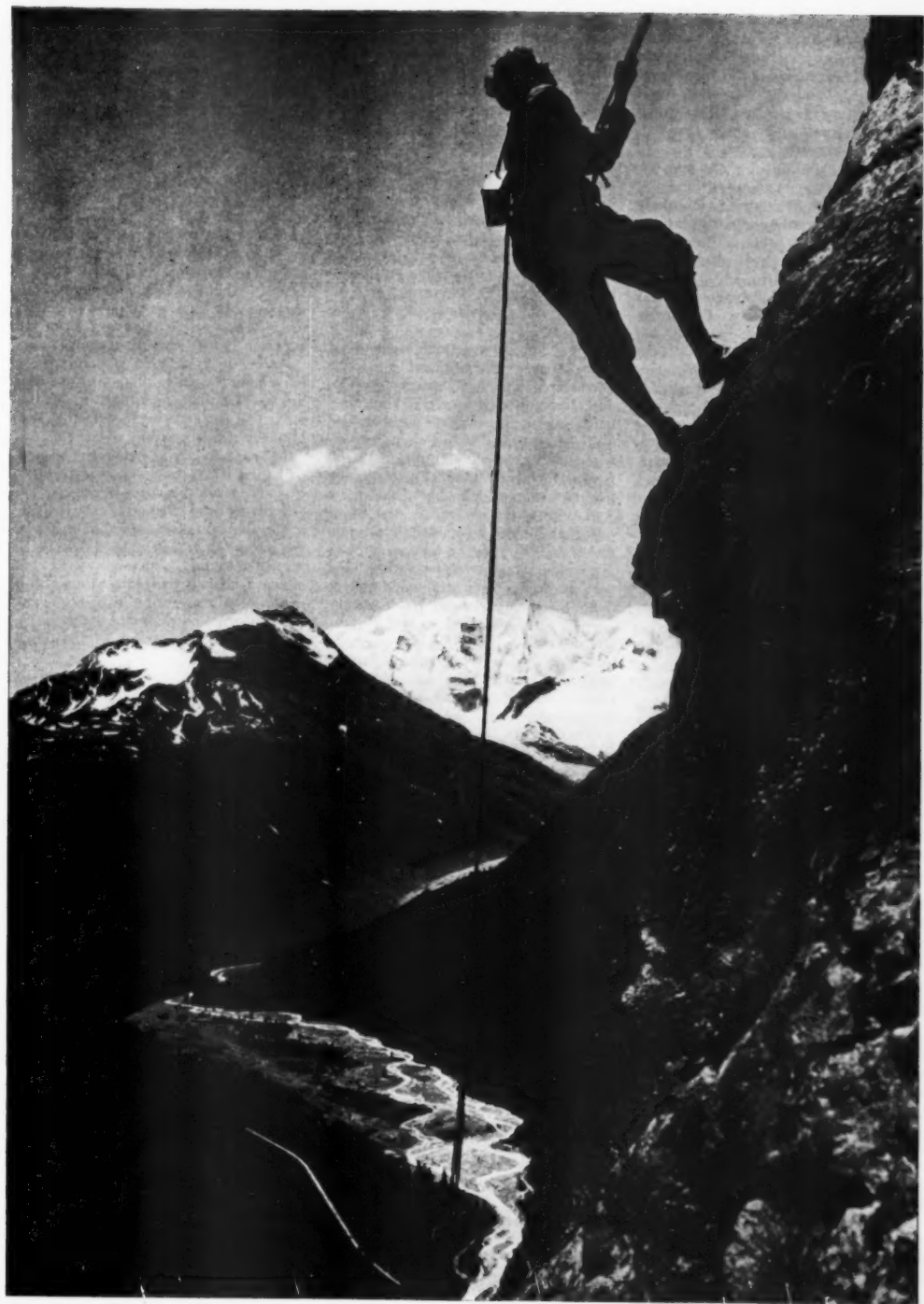
## The Storm's Triumph

Two days earlier, as Joseph Ravanat and his party reached the top of Mont Blanc, a storm had suddenly burst over their heads. It was a storm of the utmost violence, though it lasted barely an hour. Several times lightning struck the rocks near the perch where they were sheltering; they had left their ice-axes at a respectful distance so as not to attract the discharge.

Swiss Information Bureau

**High among the peaks of the Alps, climbers make slow progress, testing each hold, calculating each movement, and avoiding any unnecessary effort.**

Reprinted by permission from *First on the Rope*, by R. Frison-Roche, translated by Janet A. Smith. Copyright, 1950, by Prentice-Hall, Inc. Published at \$2.75 by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.





Ravanat—quite unmoved, for he had seen many a storm as bad as this—had given the word to resume the descent. As porter, Servettaz went first, followed by the girls, and the old guide came down last, safeguarding the whole party, rope taut, and himself ready to check the least slip.

This was certainly no place for slipping; the party had started down a couloir of ice that plunged at an angle of sixty degrees towards the Miage glacier some 2,000 meters below. Danger sharpened Pierre's faculties; deliberately, he cut steps for the girls with great blows of pick and blade. Ravanat watched him without a word and his face showed his satisfaction. If his brother-in-law had so wished it, Pierre Servettaz could have been a first-class climber. "A pity," said the old man to himself, "to make a plainsman of him."

A curtain of mist swallowed up the party with its icy and impenetrable breath, and a fine snow-like rime began to fall. Servettaz grew more and more hesitant over the line to follow and the guide realized that he would have to go down first.

"Wait a minute, Pierre," he called, "you're bearing too far over to the left. Let me go first, all these hummocks look the same." Servettaz obeyed, but not without some misgiving; going down last was as good as taking on the position and responsibility of the guide. As long as he was going down first, well held by the rope that linked him, through the two clients, to the solid pillar that was Ravanat, he felt himself absolutely secure. Several times the girls, who were exhausted and numb with cold, had stumbled in their steps; each time, with a masterful pull on the rope, Ravanat had checked a slip and re-established their balance.

"Stand up, ladies," he commanded. "Stand up straight in your steps."

The fate of the party now depended on the hands—strong enough, but inexperienced—of the porter. Deliberately, he drove his ice-axe up to the head in the snow and belayed the rope round the shaft while Ravanat was already cutting steps with one hand, three strokes of the axe to each step. With all his faculties heightened by this struggle with the elements, Servettaz kept his eye on the two clients. He did not worry about his uncle, for he had never put a foot wrong on snow, but every instant he had to brace himself against a possible slip by the girls. And he could not help wondering if an unexpected pull might not drag him from the steps where he stood in precarious balance—heels dug in, nails biting into the ice—and send him hurtling down towards the old man, who was hacking

away without a pause. Servettaz pictured the fourfold tumble, and the bodies hurtling from one side of the couloir to the other.

For the first time in his life he was holding in his hands the lives of human beings for whom he was responsible. Bit by bit the anxiety at his heart gave way to a new feeling of strength, self-confidence and pride. His pulses no longer throbbed so quickly, and when his turn came to climb down last, a critical moment when there was no question of his being held, he resolutely dug his heels into the slope and, face outwards, using his axe to maintain his balance, he came down to join the others.

The old guide was tired; six hours of step-cutting, with one hand, and on a downward slope, was too much of an effort for a man of his age. When they had rested long enough, he announced quite simply, as if he had already nominated his successor, "Go ahead, Pierre, I need to take it easy." So the young man took on the leadership of the party. And with a confidence he had never expected to feel he guided it through the chaotic jumble of crevasses, on a glacier that was quite new to him, and yet somehow seemed strangely familiar.

So Pierre experienced the climber's deepest satisfaction, of leading a rope. He no longer followed blindly, trustingly, without thought or question; he had become the leader, the man who commands and fights, who shoulders the responsibility, who has other lives dependent on him. He felt himself cut out for the part and gloried at the prospect of the struggles that lay ahead.

His placid future as a hotelkeeper had just been swept away like a straw by the storm whose last tattered clouds were now retreating eastward, leaving the mountains white and mysterious. A violet haze hung over the glacier basin, and the walls of the gaping crevasses showed purple in the dusk.

### Disaster Stalks

The sun was high in the heavens when Ravanat and Servettaz, after more than two hours going from Courmayeur, reached the hut on the high pastures of Mont Frety. From here to the Col, it was a matter of three hours. After stopping for a rest and a meal, they set off again, Ravanat always in front, and in a few minutes reached territory barred to plainsfolk. They passed into the world of rock and ice with the easy confidence of veteran mountaineers. The wet snow clogged up the soles of their boots. Occasionally, with a quick tap of the axe, they cleared their heels of snow and sent the lumps flying.

They were only an hour from the Col when they met a party going down; a Courmayeur guide and porter with their client. Leaving the client to go on in the porter's charge, the guide stopped for a word or two.

"Going home, Ravanat?"

"Aye, we're homeward bound, as you see. But we've still got to do a bit of eating up yonder," joked Red Joseph.

"They haven't the heart for eating up there," answered the guide, "one of your men has come off on the Dru."

"One of us!" (old Ravanat crossed himself) "Do you know who it is?"

"Can't tell, it was two guideless Englishmen who gave us the news. They'd heard it down at Montenvers. They say a rescue party's already started."

"What a trade ours is! They must have been caught in that storm the day before yesterday, and high up on the rocks you can't get away with that sort of thing. Have you any details?"

"Not a one. You'd better get on and so had I—it's getting late, and it won't be long before this snow freezes."

Ravanat and Servettaz started up again, but the bad news was like a weight on their feet. The old man in particular could hardly conceal his anxiety; he had too many friends, too many relatives out on expeditions at the moment, and there are not so many guides who will undertake the Petit Dru.

Ravanat turned this over in his mind, without breaking the rhythm of his stride; but when the turns of the path brought him face to face with his nephew, he could hardly conceal his anxiety and fear. "Suppose it were Jean," he kept on thinking.

Pierre climbed up without a word, but with a weight on his heart. He had a presentiment of some fearful tragedy, and forced himself to suppress the thought that became more vivid at every step. Even just to think that his father might have fallen seemed sacrilegious to him; a Servettaz never falls. But he remembered the storm that had overtaken Ravanat and himself on the south side of Mont Blanc; he had enough experience of the mountains to know that, on rock and above 3,000 meters, you can take no chances with a storm. And, like Ravanat, he weighed up the possibilities, turning them over and over in his head. . . .

As they came into the hut at the Col three parties of climbers were steadily eating and drinking by the light of a smoky lamp. They recognized Red Joseph, famous from La Berarde to Cortina, and gave him a friendly greeting.

In the kitchen Brocherel, the warden, was busy at the stove. At the common table, several guides and porters were

eating and talking about their climbs. Red Joseph must know the news already, they said to themselves. He looked anxious and withdrawn.

Brocherel spoke first.

"Heard the news?" he asked simply.

"Speak up, man, who was it?" demanded Ravanat roughly. Behind him, Pierre was waiting in agony; in spite of the cold, great beads of sweat stood out on his sunburned face. The guide gave him a compassionate look before answering.

"Jean—yes, your brother-in-law—his father," said Brocherel. "Struck by lightning on the Petit Dru, you know, above that perpendicular bit of wall just under the summit. . . ." (Brocherel fumbled awkwardly for his words, and blinked his tear-filled eyes.) "This rotten stove's still smoking. . . . It happened the day before yesterday in the storm. The porter, that young son of Clarisse des Bois, brought down the client; they had a night out, and early yesterday morning they got down to the Montenvers. By this time the rescue party must have reached the Charpoua hut—only I'm not so sure they'll make it, for there's new snow and ice everywhere above 3,400 meters. It only just thawed here at midday."

The guides bowed their heads. Pierre drew back into the darkest corner of the kitchen, put his sack on the ground, and realizing at last the full extent of his loss, gave way to tears which he did not try to wipe away.

Ravanat came up to him and his great hand, that could grip the rock so firmly, shook as he laid it on Pierre's shoulder. All those present were good friends, and Servettaz knew he could depend on them, but the friendly weight of Ravanat's rough hand on his shoulder gave him more comfort than anything.

"You could take your oath that it was lightning," said Zermatten, guide from Saas-Fee, slowly in his grating German-Swiss accent. "Servettaz was never a fellow to let go his hold."

This tribute from the great Zermatten went straight to the young man's heart. His father had died in harness as a guide, and the porter had brought the client down. Servettaz could have hugged Clarisse's Georges for that—for having brought down Jean Servettaz's client safe and sound.

There was a long silence as each man pursued his own troubled thoughts. Then the guides turned again to their food. For them the hardest part was over: Joseph and Pierre had been told. This was what they had dreaded on seeing the newcomers enter the hut.

Brocherel signalled the two to take their places at the table.

"Sit you down; the bad news won't have made you any less tired after your climb."

"That's right," said Pierre resolutely. "you must eat something, uncle, for I propose that we should start off again in an hour. The rescue party must be up at the Charpoua hut by now." Pierre forced himself to swallow three or four spoonfuls of soup, then wearily pushed his plate away.

"Be patient, Pierre, my boy. I'd like nothing better than to set out again with you tonight, but we'd be fools not to rest and even sleep a bit. Eight hours' climb, and this shock on top of it—we wouldn't go far."

The guides pitched their advice even more strongly. They were all set upon dissuading the two from crossing the giant glacier by night.

"Listen to the others, Pierre. If we started now, we'd be going round in circles among the ice pinnacles till morning. We'll set out an hour before daylight, and that way we'll hit the best time for getting through. We'll save time—and save our strength."

Pierre made no reply. His misery was too much for him. He got up and went out on to the doorstep of the hut.

After a while Ravanat came out to look for him. Exhausted as he was, Pierre suffered himself to be led in without a word and stretched himself on the shelf of the dormitory. The loud breathing of guides already asleep broke the silence of the hut.

In the still, cold night Pierre looked unseeing at the fearsome outline of the rocky peak of Noire de Peteret, framed in the little window against the paler background of the sky. A tiny star twinkled over the summit.

Tragedy was abroad in the high mountains which, aloof and lofty, kept watch over the valleys, indifferent to the thoughts of the men who huddled together in stone huts.

### No Truce

[Pierre and Ravanat succeeded in joining the rescue party, which had been turned back by the ice and snow on the mountains. Despite the adverse weather, it was agreed that the youngest and hardest guides would make a final effort to bring Servettaz's body down before bad weather closed in completely. . . .]

There was no truce up there, in the pitched battle with the mountain. The higher they climbed the greater the difficulties they encountered.

"We've seen nothing yet," muttered Jacques, "it's only just beginning."

When they reached the foot of a wide, high chimney, the sight of all the ice in it made them hesitate. Pierre,

who was warning to the struggle, wanted to go up first, but Boule waved him back. "Stay where you are—it's my turn."

What Boule did not say was that this pitch was too dangerous for Pierre to be allowed to lead. So up he started himself. He made slow progress, and sometimes he did not seem to be mounting at all. Little by little, however, he gained height. Carefully he tested every hold, calculating each slightest movement and avoiding any unnecessary effort. He kept up a sort of running commentary, audible to the men below.

"... Some ice, this, my boy . . . here we are, no more holds . . . hang on, Boule, hang on . . . man, what a sweat."

Halfway up he was brought to a stop by an icy bulge. Still looking upwards, he yelled out:

"Fraid this looks pretty hopeless. However, send me up the hammer; if I can make a few nicks . . ."

"Hold on a second," shouted back Fernand, "I'm coming up."

Fernand clipped the hammer on to his belt, and in his turn started up the chimney. In spite of Boule's good work in clearing it of snow and ice, he found the going terribly hard. As he climbed, he gave vent to his admiration.

"How on earth did you get up? Confound you, Boule, with that everlasting grin of yours!" His body was half jammed in the angle. "There just isn't a single hold—there's ice in everything. Make sure that rope's well belayed, you down there—it's—"

"Come down, you idiots," bawled Paul.

"Come down this minute," ordered Jacques. "You'll only break your necks by going on."

Boule was still laughing, up there under the overhang, but now there was a note of apprehension in his mirth. With one arm and one knee jammed in the angle, he was tiring; his eyes were on Fernand climbing upwards. But neither of them was in a position to help the other.

"It's absolutely crazy. How on earth did you get up there?" gasped Fernand. "I thought I could climb pretty well, but I'd never in a million years have managed to get up."

"Shut up, and keep your breath."

With a final effort Fernand heaved himself up till he was just below Boule's feet. It was high time, too.

"Wedge yourself in, quick," snapped Boule. "It's only for a second, but—I've got cramp in my arm, I must shift my position or I'll let go."

Fernand wedged himself in the crack and was able to take some of Boule's weight on his shoulders. The latter gave a great sigh of relief; the strain faded

from his face; once again, he radiated cheerfulness. Danger and exposure were all forgotten and his one thought now was to hurry on.

"If you hadn't made that stretch," he chuckled, "I'd have come right off, sure as death. Hand up that hammer and a piton."<sup>o</sup>

Very slowly and carefully, so as not to disturb the balance of the human pyramid, Fernand passed the tools up.

"You've got to support me till I get this piton knocked in," Boule instructed.

"Right, go ahead." Up on their fantastic perch they talked to each other as nonchalantly as if they had been sitting in two armchairs.

Boule rested for a moment on Fernand's shoulders. The big nails dug painfully into Fernand's flesh, but he bore the weight without flinching. Although the veins in his neck swelled visibly under the terrific strain, he gave no sign of it except to whisper, so that the others couldn't notice anything.

"Be as quick as you can, Boule—you're heavy."

Using one hand, Boule placed the piton in a tiny crevice, then hammered it right in up to its head. Then he fastened one of the snap-links to the ring, and passed his climbing rope through.

"Give us a bit more rope," he ordered the men below.

Fernand hauled in—first with one hand, then with his teeth—a few feet of his rope, and handed the slack up to Boule, who safeguarded him by passing it through the snap-link. They both let out a sigh of relief. From below Paul and Jacques, appalled by the fearful struggle taking place before their eyes, set up a shout.

"Give it up, man, and come down. It's too risky."

Pierre was watching the proceedings in a fever, and he could not help showing what was in his mind by yelling:

"Can you make it?"

"We'll have a shot at it."

Fernand now embarked on a highly daring maneuver. Very carefully he made a few small handholds in the ice that lined the back wall of the chimney, and then he continued cautiously upwards. At long last he stood on the top of it. He was completely exhausted and his fingers were dead after their prolonged contact with the ice; but his first thought was to take in the rope and safeguard Boule as he in turn climbed up.

They both sat down on the tiny platform and let their feet dangle over the precipice.

<sup>o</sup>Spike of steel or iron driven into rock or ice.

"What d'you think of it?" said Boule. "If there's any more of this, we're done."

"We'll never get past that slab today," opined Boule, "and as for the bit above it—I'd rather not think about it. We'd better tell the others."

"Hi, you down there!" shouted Fernand, "it just gets worse and worse. We'll never manage it."

"Can't you let me come up at least as far as you've got?" begged Pierre. Boule made fast the rappel line and

## About the Author



Roger Frison-Roche is himself a man of the mountains. He grew up in France, in the Mont Blanc region about which he writes in this book. He went to school in Paris, but at 17 returned to the mountains, and was soon famous for his skill in climbing, and also in skiing. At 24, he was named as a Mountain Guide of the Company of Chamonix Guides and Chief Instructor of the French Federation of Skiing.

These two careers were just a beginning: Frison-Roche now began to write in his spare time. He was also the first person to broadcast shortwave from an Alp peak, in 1932. And in 1934 he helped to produce one of the first films on mountaineering, "Three Lives and One Rope."

During World War II, Frison-Roche spent a good deal of time on skis, training American, French, and African ski units to swoop down in surprise attacks on enemy platoons. He was captured, escaped, joined the underground Free French forces, and continued leading forays down the mountain slopes.

Mr. Frison-Roche's latest book is *The Great Crevasse*. He is still "first on the rope" among the Mont Blanc peaks, but on Sundays it is with his son, 19, two daughters, 17 and 10, and his wife along, too.

flicked the ends down. One by one the others climbed up to join him and Fernand on their airy platform, and there they held a council of war. Boule advised caution.

"You've got to see reason, Pierre. These pitches that Fernand and I led—we wouldn't climb them again for all the gold in the world. We only did it for your father's sake—and yours—but we can't face any more of it. Anyway, we're both absolutely all in. I've got no feeling in my arms, they might be lead as far as my shoulders. . . . Honestly, I can't go up another inch."

In the long silence that followed they could clearly hear a cannonade of stones which the south wind had loosened.

## Man Against the Mountain

"I know you've done all the work so far," answered Pierre, "but it's my turn now. I'm going to get up that slab, you see if I don't." He stood upright on the narrow ledge, with a quick, nervous gesture took up a few coils of rope, and faced the slab as resolutely as a wrestler squaring up to his opponent.

"Stop, Pierre," yelled the others.

But he had already flung himself to the attack. Face to face with this new difficulty, nothing could have made Pierre leave off. He certainly astounded them all. Never before had they seen him climb with such dash, such assurance, and such superb technique.

"Look out, Pierre, you're almost on to the ice," Paul shouted.

"Very good climbing. I must say—very good," muttered Jacques to himself. "Reminds me of his father when he was thirty."

When Pierre reached the crucial point, he stopped and looked down.

"Boule," he ordered, "send up the hammer, this ice is like armor plate."

Boule tied the slender steel hammer to the rope for Pierre to pull up.

Now followed a fantastic piece of work. With the end of the hammer Pierre chipped out some little holds in the sheet of ice. It sounded quite hollow, and the men below hardly dared to breathe, for fear that a slightly stronger blow would detach the whole layer.

"Go easy, Pierre, easy; it'll all peel off . . . you can tell it's hollow," entreated Boule. "The whole sheet'll come off, and you'll come with it."

"It's got to hold," bawled Pierre.

For a whole hour he cut without a pause, sometimes taking ten minutes over a single hold, oblivious alike to the yawning gulf beneath his feet and to the chill in his fingers; then he passed out of sight, swallowed up in the vast mountain face. The rope ran out very quickly, then checked. From above came the triumphant cry:

"Done it!"

And then, after a minute or two:

"Come on."

Once again, the line came whizzing down to them; and, mesmerized by this astounding display of will power, the others braced themselves to join him.

Fernand was first up.

"A fine piece of work, Pierre. Your father would have been proud—a grand job. Not one of us could have done it—"

But Pierre was already eyeing the next pitch.

It was not an encouraging sight that

met his eyes. The overhang was topped by a cornice of ice, and the rock looked like blue glass. There were enough difficulties in those 20 meters to daunt the stoutest heart; and a shudder ran through the others as they watched Pierre, who was calculating how best to proceed. They no longer dared to voice any protest, for they realized that no power on earth could make him stop. And had he not just proved himself fit to tackle any obstacle and overcome it? But then this particular one was beyond the limit.

After a moment's reflection, Pierre gave Fernand his orders.

"Give me a rope-ring, two pitons, and the hammer. I want your gloves, mine are frozen. Boule, look after my rope. Just leave this to me."

"I wish you'd give it up, Pierre. You scare me stiff."

"Don't you worry, Paul, I'll get up. . . We're going to have our revenge on the Dru. If I remember rightly, the worst's over after the crack—or nearly over; if I get up, we'll be all right. So I will get up—you wait and see, my boys." And up he started.

With prodigious effort he climbed up fifteen meters, then had to stop for a good look at the next stage. His breath came in labored gasps. The ice-covered rocks offered not the slightest friction to his clothes. Imperceptibly he recoiled a fraction; his heart was pounding like a sledgehammer, and his chest felt like bursting.

"D'you see the piton?" shouted Fernand.

"Two meters further up," gasped Pierre, "and thick in ice; I'll have to free it with the hammer."

Boule had instinctively belayed the rope round a block of granite; but his eyes were fixed on the cliff on which Pierre was battling, and never left him for a moment.

With furious energy Pierre continued upwards. Every effort gained him a few inches height, but then he lost ground again as his fingers slipped from the icy holds. He wedged himself into the crack and clung to the rock; the hoarse sound of his breathing, the frenzied pounding of his heart, were an agony. "You've got to get up, get up," he kept muttering. "If you reach the piton, you'll be safe."

Balanced on one bootnail, his body hugging the cliff, he willed himself not to slip; then slowly withdrew one hand from its hold and lowered his arm. He groped with his fingers for the opening of the snap-link that would release the hammer from his belt. All of a sudden he felt in his legs the nervous trembling that is brought on by exhaustion. Quickly he tried to recover his hand-

hold, but he was already tottering. His fingers clawed fruitlessly at the granite and he fell backward without a cry.

With a last reflex action he jumped clear, his arms outstretched like a crucifix, his eyes distended. He could clearly distinguish his friends who stood rooted with horror to the little ledge, then with a final look he took in the frightful abyss where he was going to crash. His fall seemed to last for centuries.

He dropped right on his feet, legs stiff as ramrods, just as a cat dropped from a height lands on its claws. He fell onto a snow-covered slab: it broke his fall; then like a ball he rebounded off into space.

Boule had not lost his head for a minute; he put every ounce in his body into holding the rope, only praying it would not snap under the imminent shock. When that came, he was ready for it; firmly planted there, he took it, and felt that somewhere down below the fall had been checked. Praise be, the rope—an 11-millimeter hempen rope—had held.

Everything had happened so quickly that the guides were still standing there open-mouthed as if they had not half taken it in; and it was Boule who first plucked up courage to call out hoarsely: "Pierre, are you hurt, Pierre old man?"

Hearing no answer, he called again, louder this time—"Pierre—Pierre."

Anxiously they craned over the edge and saw the inanimate body spread-eagled below, suspended like a broken puppet at the end of the rope.

Jacques had uncoiled the rappel line, and he threw it down toward the injured man. Without waiting for orders Fernand took hold of it and, not bothering about any kind of a safeguard, boldly slid down at full speed towards the body.

The others threw a second rope down and Boule paid out the rope very gently. As soon as he had reached the ledge below, Fernand laid Pierre on the snow and called the others to join him.

### Headlong Descent

The guides crouched round the injured man and waited for him to come around. Paul had slipped his hand inside Pierre's sodden windjacket: to his huge joy and relief the heart was still beating. Not till he had actually touched the warm flesh with his fingers could he stop fearing the worst.

At last Pierre gave a faint moan, then opened his eyes. He tried to speak, but couldn't get the words out. Some of Paul's brandy was forced down his throat. It took effect at once. He seemed to come out of his stupor and in a voice that sounded far away, he asked wildly:

"What happened? Tell me, what happened?"

"You came off, Pierre. What a fall! Luckily you're as nimble as a cat and you landed first on the snow, or it would have been all up with you. Thirty meters, you fell—you've certainly got a charmed life."

There was only one idea in Pierre's head:

"Does this mean we have to give up? All the same, we can't leave father up there."

"We'll have to wait a while"—there was brotherly feeling in Fernand's voice: "You take it easy, Pierre: we'll be up again as soon as possible. But our job now is to get you down, and that's not going to be any picnic. How d'you feel?"

"I've got a splitting headache; sort of shooting pains, and then everything spins around."

Jacques examined Pierre at length: his skin was terribly grazed; he was bruised all over; and the blood flowed freely from a scalp wound. But what worried Jacques was the thin continuous trickle from ear and nostril. He took Boule and Fernand aside—

"I'm afraid it may be a fracture of the skull. I once saw the same thing happen on the Crepon; it doesn't look much, but it gets far worse within forty-eight hours . . . we must get him down just as quickly as possible. We'll have two lines at each rappel. Boule, you'll go down side by side with him, ready to hold him if he shows the least sign of needing it. Fernand and I will see you down from above. Paul will go ahead."

Mechanically Pierre arranged the line round his body, and slid down its full length at breakneck speed.

It was more like a tumble than an orderly descent, as this bunch of men, all tangled in their ropes, came pell-mell down the cliff. But it was a controlled tumble, with every one of them knowing exactly what to do, continually on the alert, always keeping an eye on the injured climber. Coming down last, Jacques kept on muttering under his breath, "If only he lasts as far as the glacier . . . if only."

And Pierre, paler with every minute that passed, grabbed the lines, flung himself at the pitches, hustled on the others, and entreated them, "Quicker, can't you, quicker."

### The Test

[By his courage and the aid of his friends, Pierre reached the valley in time for his injury to be treated and his life saved. Six months later he had nearly recovered and was looking forward to carrying out his father's career



as a guide. But the doctor now warned that heights might make him dizzy and that he must give up guiding the rope. This was bitter news to Pierre. . . .]

Up at Moentieu, everybody was asleep. Everyone? No, Pierre was awake and restless.

"You idiot," he scolded himself. "The doctor doesn't know anything about it. You'll have to try, for you simply must know. You've got to lean over a big drop . . . then, once for all, you'll know." Caution made him hesitate. "And if you fall? . . ."

Brusquely Pierre threw off his bedclothes, got up, and dressed himself. He tiptoed to the staircase, boots in hand, and descended to the dark kitchen. From the larder he took some cold mutton, cheese, and eggs. He filled his water bottle with coffee and pushed everything into his sack.

Pierre left the house as stealthily as a burglar. He walked mechanically along the winding path. Where was he going? He had no idea; all he knew was that he must climb.

Gradually his eyes got used to the darkness, and he began to distinguish the black silhouette of the tops against the somber sky. He climbed with his old accustomed stride, head well up, breathing in the freshness of the night, then plunged into the darker gulf of the forest.

He allowed himself to be guided by instinct, and walked on his toes, drawing pleasure from each contact with the ground, all his senses wide awake. From time to time he even shut his eyes, the better to drink in the mountain night. Then he would open them again and look up to the top of the clearing, cut through the trees, that marked the track. A solitary star twinkled frostily, and Pierre set his course by it.

It gradually grew colder; Pierre's teeth began to chatter. Faint glimmers shined in the sky, and as dawn came up the air grew lighter.

Up he strode, in a fever of expectation, abandoning the path for a faint track that led up to the foot of the Brevent cliffs.

This face of the Brevent is a short and easy climb for an experienced cragsman, but it is very exposed. Guides like taking beginners there, also clients whom they want to test before a big expedition.

Pierre had done this climb several times before; his reason for coming back to it now was because he knew how admirably it would provide the test he needed; a man who suffers from dizziness would never get up the final pitch. His former doubts came flooding back; he dreaded the failure that he half expected, and his confidence deserted

him. He began to hesitate. Anybody who had seen him from some way off would have thought, with some alarm, that he was a beginner who was not too sure of himself.

Yet somehow he struggled on and, to his considerable relief, reached the foot of the rocks. There was nothing now before him but an interminable sun-warmed cliff.

Pierre started up. The first obstacle



Body hugging granite, he climbed on.

was a tower that overlooked the entrance to the gully. Pierre got up easily enough; the cold touch of the rock restored his confidence, and he climbed with dash and elegance, his eyes riveted on the rock before him. A slight effort brought him to a broad terrace that overlooked the whole face.

Pierre kept his eyes on the tiny crack at the far end of the terrace which would take him away from these airy hazards and up to the summit. It was the one tricky part of the whole climb, and it was short.

The terrace ended abruptly. To reach the crack Pierre had to make a long stride over the dizzy precipice, and then practically throw himself across to reach some minute holds and get a footing in the crack. It struck Pierre that if he were to fall, his body would hurtle down fifteen hundred meters with never a check.

He leaned forward, bent his knees, made ready to spring—then at the last

moment his whole body hesitated, rooted to the terrace by some occult force. He stretched out his arms, but could not bring himself to take the decisive step; far from it! His heart was in his mouth, and in a frenzy of disgust he threw himself down on the terrace. Flat on his face on the warm rock, he sobbed like a child. He abandoned himself to despair. So it was true! He screamed in his fury at the crows that wheeled mockingly round him, but his voice was carried off in the wind.

"Tie yourself on!" murmured a voice inside him. "You've got to fight this. Pierre, you've got to beat it—jump!"

Without stopping to consider why he did it, he uncoiled the rope, tied himself on, just as if he had had a party behind him.

"Just stop there, Monsieur, all you've got to do is to watch my rope so that it doesn't get tangled. It's easy, just a step across. You just take one big step—a meter—you take steps a meter long in ordinary life, so all you need to do is to imagine you're walking along a pavement, it's absolutely the same. But first of all, you can watch—I'm off! Safeguard my rope. That's right, and now, just watch!"

Shutting his eyes, he let his body swing over the gap; his hands hit the rock opposite and there he stayed suspended, a sort of human arch over the abyss. He lacked the courage to open his eyes for fear of finding himself face to face with the void. He drummed on the wall with his fingers, anxiously seeking that familiar hold that somehow just eluded his questing hand. His nails scratched over the rock in vain; his feet slipped a little under the effort. Then his left hand found a sketchy hold! He clenched his fingers, let go his foothold, and swung his body across. At last he could relax. An edge of rock cut off the downward view; only a very steep grass slope lay between him and the top.

But there was always that awful precipice! He could not stand it any more; his head spun round and round and so did the landscape. He crawled up on all fours, digging the head of his axe into the slippery grass to help him on. What a ridiculous and humiliating attitude it was—what on earth would his friends say if they were to see him crawling up like an insect! But deep inside him he cared not a rap, he had come to the end of his pride, he had said goodbye to self-respect and could only think of saving his skin. To escape from this precipice that obsessed him! Escape from the mountains which so clearly were no longer meant for him! Escape from this awful dizzy wall to the hard snow slopes on the northern side!





till now the depths of his companion's distress.

They sat down in a ring on slabs of rock. Far away on the further slope could be heard the sound of cow bells, strangely muted, and overlaid by the deeper voice of waters. It was the note of the pastoral scene, punctuated at times by the creaking and cracking of the glaciers.

Exhilarated by the mountain air and by their own high spirits, the young people began to sing. Boule started it off and then the rest joined in, each singing his own part.

But Georges, with one idea firmly planted in his head, interrupted the concert, coiled up the ropes, and stirred up his lazy friends.

"The Petite Aiguillette—that'll be a decisive test."

"Are you out of your head, Georges?" asked Paul, "that's not a climb for your first day. It's too hard—we'll come back some other time."

"No, let's go now, while we're still warmed up by the other climb."

The Petite Aiguillette is nothing more than a splinter stuck onto the sides of the bigger one. Just a single spike, fifteen meters high on one side, sixty on the other. There is barely fifteen meters climbing, but so steep and so exposed that few guides dare to take it on. Climbers who have led it can be counted on your fingers.

It is only a matter of seconds for a competent climber; people can either do it, or they can't. Under the overhang there is a fixed iron piton; it is the only safeguard for the leader, and even that would not prevent him, if he fell, from swinging like a pendulum over space in a position from which it would be extremely difficult to rescue him.

Georges was standing in front of the slab like a boxer squaring up to his opponent. He gave the end of his rope to Fernand, who would safeguard him as best he could from here, which would not be very much. With his knife he scraped off the grass and dirt stuck between the bootnails, took a deep breath, and started up. The rest of the party followed his progress with considerable anxiety, but they relaxed a little as they saw how beautifully this master of his craft moved up, making the utmost use of each of the infrequent handholds, gripping the slight irregularities in the rock surface with his great fingers, coming back a bit, in perfect balance, the better to place his maimed feet on some tiny ledge or wrinkle. He climbed very quickly up to the overhang. He had to turn it by an extremely delicate movement that would bring him on to the ridge. They could see him hesitate a moment; then, having

calculated every movement, he embarked on the delicate traverse. Half his body disappeared from their sight, hidden by the bulging rock wall; his left hand, the only one now visible, was well placed on a good hold.

From this stance against the wall, Fernand watched the rope, which had suddenly stopped running through his fingers. What was happening? He could not see a thing from where he stood, but Paul, who had stepped back a little to follow the leader's progress better, suddenly gave the alarm.

"His foot isn't holding!"

Faint gasps from above underlined the desperate effort Georges was making. Anxiously the others stared at the hand clutching the rock; suddenly it began to tremble.

A gasp broke from Pierre, and before anyone could guess what he was up to he had flung himself at the slab, without a rope, without any kind of safeguard. Fernand, all too aware of his powerlessness, stood with great drops of sweat on his brow, bracing himself to take the strain on the rope. The others, rendered speechless by surprise, waited for the inevitable climax.

With a few controlled movements Pierre was up to the overhang. He caught hold of Georges' rope, tied it to the piton, then he in turn launched out onto the delicate traverse till he was able to put all his weight onto Georges' hand and prevent him from letting go.

"Hold on, Georges, I'm here, it's O.K., you're held now."

He could feel that great knotted hand tightly clenched under his own fingers, and guided it around the corner out of sight. Those below heard a deep sigh and then Georges' voice, queer and strained.

"Got it! Lord—I couldn't get a grip with my nails on that little hold just the other side of the ridge. I was spreadeagled all over the face, and I was getting pretty tired; if you hadn't come up, I would have let go."

"Go on up, hurry!" said Pierre feverishly. "Get a move on, I'm not roped."

And Georges suddenly realized that without a rope his friend was none too well placed, and might easily have another attack of dizziness. He swarmed quickly up the last few meters and without wasting a minute flung his rope down to Pierre.

"Here, catch!"

Pierre caught it with tremendous relief, tied himself on, and continued the climb. Now it was his turn for the bad step. Nothing beneath him—and now, for the first time, he looked his enemy squarely in the face. He even laughed. In the heat of action, something seemed to have suddenly cleared in his brain—

as if someone had drawn back a veil. And, oh, blessed miracle, the larches stopped spinning around, the whirligig had ceased, the landscape was motionless and the Aiguillette that he embraced was firmly planted, and no longer oscillated slowly from side to side as it had done that morning.

He shouted with joy and let out a triumphant yodel that reverberated in the still air. The others had not heard him sing for a long time. Fernand winked at Boule.

But Paul, the most level-headed of them all, was not pleased.

"What a pair of idiots! Break your necks, eh—you came mighty close to it. What's the idea of trying rocks like these when you've only got stumps for feet? And Pierre running up the slabs like that without roping, without any kind of safeguard. And he'll be telling us in a minute that he's afraid of dizziness. I've never heard of anything so crazy."

"Come on, Paul!" urged Fernand, "we're joining them on the top; they deserve it."

And he was off with a song on his lips, merrily finding the right holds; then he disappeared behind the overhang. He was still singing when, five minutes later, he climbed onto the summit and clapped Pierre on the back.

"Well, boy, here's to our next big climbs."

They came down on the doubled rope and were soon back on the platform. It was very cool in the shade; Pierre felt his anguish miraculously cured, and in its place he experienced a blessed peace, a matchless serenity.

"You know, Georges, if it hadn't been for you I could never have done it. But when I saw you being so brave, I drove myself to it; I don't think I'm quite cured yet, but I'm certain now that I'll be able to climb again. So if you agree—what about going on with it?"

Georges gave him a friendly poke in the ribs.

"Whenever you want, . . . It's the least I can do for you—after all, you saved my life."

"Don't worry about that—plenty of time for you to pay me back. It's all in the day's work for a guide."

They trudged down the path towards the valley. The sun was gradually withdrawing itself from the earth; a few light clouds floated midway up the high peaks. Above, everything was gilt and burnished by the setting sun; below, rock and pasture, forest and glacier, were indistinguishable in the blue half light, and only the torrent stood out clear, a silver thread between the pine-woods.

# What Do You Remember?

## A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

### The Answer

1. Of the following quotations from Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which do you think was most helpful in giving Marcus "The Answer" to his question as to why Jeff had to die?

- "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation. . . ."
- "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
- "Now we are engaged in a great civil war. . . ."

2. Check the statement which best describes Marcus' reactions to Lincoln at the beginning of the story.

- Accustomed to treating his superiors with polite formality, Marcus was not sure how he should react to the warmth and humanity behind the smile with which Lincoln greeted him.
- Marcus was unimpressed by the fact that the "tall man" in the room was the President of the United States.

### The Shunning

1. Which of the following statements best expresses what Christina learned through her escapade in town?

- That most people outside her own community were wicked and untrustworthy.
- That the kind of life and people she had always known represented values she wished to cling to.
- That movies are no fun after all.

2. Which of the following do *not* apply to the Amish way of life?

- Wearing clothes of plain colors and styles.
- Attending weekly barn-dances.
- Living a simple, wholesome family life.
- Religious services in private homes.
- Going to Saturday-night movies.

### The Signalman

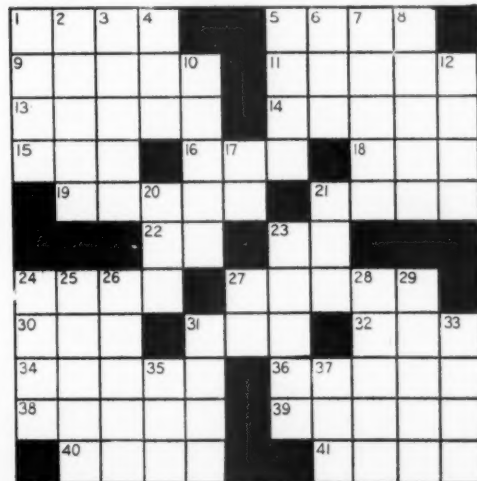
Choose the *two* explanations from the following list which best complete this sentence: The signalman didn't hear the train nor the shouted warning at play's end because—

- He was growing deaf.
- He was in the power of a series of events which seemed to have been supernaturally ordained.
- He saw Darkin not as a man calling out a warning, but as the reappearance of his familiar ghost.

### Answers in Teacher Edition

## Sport Your Words

• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (\*) are especially associated with the field of sports. See how many of these starred words (there are 22) you can get. Allow yourself three points for each starred word and one point for each of the others. If you get all the starred words, give yourself a bonus of 8 points for a total score of 100. Answers are on page 31, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



### ACROSS

- "The old gray \_\_\_\_\_ ain't what she used to be."
- Cry out loudly.
- Call to mind or summon.
- Around.
- Star Chicago Cubs slugger.
- New York Yankee stalwart is catcher Yogi \_\_\_\_\_.
- Every baseball batter wants to make a \_\_\_\_\_.
- Ace Dodger pitcher is "Preacher" \_\_\_\_\_.
- Most tennis matches are fought \_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_.
- Top Cleveland Indians pitcher Bob \_\_\_\_\_.
- The Cincinnati \_\_\_\_\_ ended in 6th place in 1951.
- Suffix meaning "one who" as in astronomer, lawyer.
- Roman numerals for 101.
- Every college football team seeks an invitation to the Rose \_\_\_\_\_.
- Key baseball position is \_\_\_\_\_-stop.
- A leading pitcher is called a \_\_\_\_\_.
- Mr. Yankee himself, \_\_\_\_\_ Di Maggio.
- No batter in baseball wants to be put \_\_\_\_\_.
- To rent.
- Valuable fur.
- Most prized tennis possession is the \_\_\_\_\_ Cup.
- Grim.
- The following.
- Single individuals.

### DOWN

- The interlaced threads of a network.
- Make use of.
- To pitch the full nine innings is to go the \_\_\_\_\_.
- To \_\_\_\_\_ out, is to put something together with difficulty.
- The all-time Sultan of Swat was \_\_\_\_\_ Ruth.
- Honest \_\_\_\_\_ Lincoln.
- Bad, \_\_\_\_\_, worst.
- A fisherman \_\_\_\_\_ the fish with bait.
- What every fielder tries to avoid in baseball.
- Uses a shuttle to loop and knot lace.
- Above.
- All-time home run king of the National League was \_\_\_\_\_ Ott.
- \_\_\_\_\_ de Janeiro.
- The Royal Game.
- Without hair on one's head.
- Large body of water.
- To make cloth on a loom.
- Abbrev. for "strikeout."
- Phil's best pitcher is \_\_\_\_\_ Roberts.
- Bridal veils are frequently made of this.
- Joke.
- Indispensable to golfers.
- Number of men on an ice hockey team.
- Spanish for "I love you" is "Yo te \_\_\_\_\_."

**S**CRATCH an orator and he'll come up with an Abe Lincoln story to prove or disprove almost any political, economic, or social issue. Lincoln is probably the most oft-quoted—and mis-quoted—figure in American history. And with good reason. A graduate of the country-store school of story-telling, he was a master at nailing down a point with a funny story that wasted no words. His trademark was, "Now, that reminds me of a story." Here are a few of the stories that have become part of our folklore.

#### Calling a Tail a Leg

Lawyer Lincoln was trying a case in a hot and stuffy frontier courtroom. His opponent was long on eloquence but short on the rights of the matter. Lincoln was short on eloquence but had the facts on his side. In summing up before the jury, Lincoln's opponent built his case on a fact that existed only in his fertile fancy.

Came Lincoln's turn before the jury. The ungainly backwoods lawyer unwound his legs and stood six feet, four inches high before the jury. "If you called a dog's tail a leg," he drawled, "how many legs would it have? The answer is four. Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it a leg. It's still a tail. Gentlemen of the jury, my eloquent opponent has been trying to sell you a tail as a leg."

#### An Election Story

Here is an election-year story that will probably be quoted by both sides before November 4th rolls around. Can you see why both the Democrats and the Republicans will use the story?

In 1848 when Lincoln was serving in Congress, the Mexican War was being brought to a close and the Whigs were on fire to capitalize on the popularity of General Zachary Taylor, a potential vote gatherer. The Democrats had selected General Lewis Cass as their standard bearer. To offset Taylor's Mexican successes, the Democrats played up Cass' military achievements under Andrew Jackson in the war of 1812.

Lincoln made a speech on the floor of the House in which he accused the Democrats

of running the last five presidential candidates under "the ample military coattail of General Jackson." He nailed down his point with a story:

"A fellow once advertised that he had made a discovery by which he could make a new man out of an old one, and have enough of the stuff left to make a little yellow dog. . . . Just such a discovery has General Jackson's popularity been to you. You not only twice made President of him out of it, but you have had enough of the stuff left to make presidents of several comparatively small men since; and it is your chief reliance now to make still another." Zach Taylor won that election.

#### Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me

Speaking of elections, in the election year of 1864, the fight between Lincoln and the radicals in his own party threatened to wreck the administration. Lincoln's friends brought him the news one day that his old rival, Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase, was working hard for the Republican nomination. Lincoln calmed his friends with a story:

"Back in Illinois, I once saw a plow horse tormented by a fly. Neighbors asked the plowman why he did not kill the fly. 'Let her buzz,' the farmer said, 'It keeps the horse alert and active about his work.'"

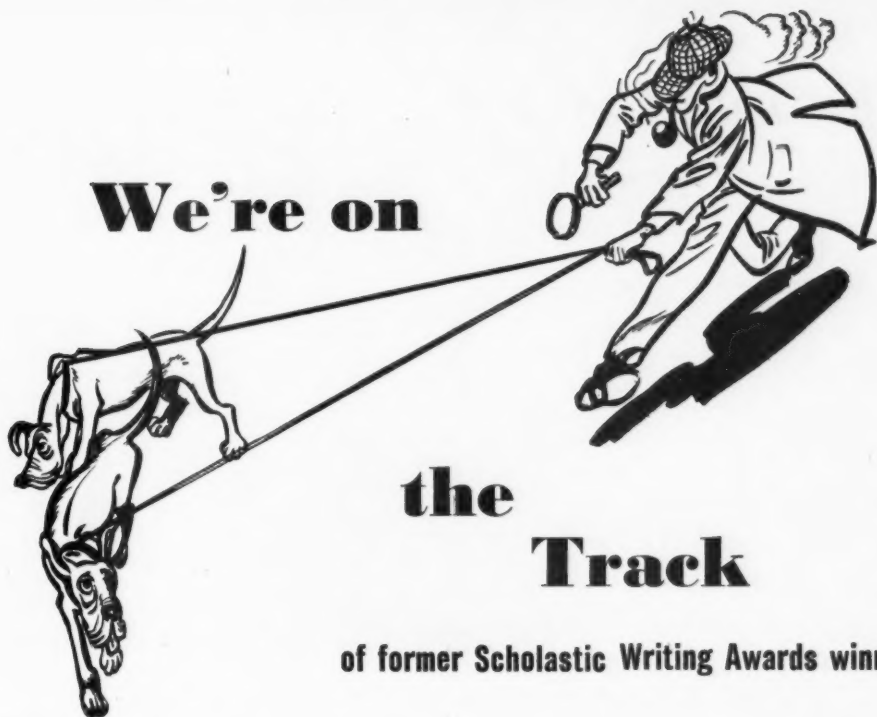
Lincoln always said that Chase reminded him of a great Clydesdale plow horse. Incidentally, "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me," was one of Lincoln's favorite songs.

#### The Shoe on the Other Foot

Lincoln also knew how to twist a remark into repartee with a point that pricked and drew blood. When he was in the White House, Lincoln received a diplomat caller rather early one morning. The caller was ushered into the President's chamber and was surprised to find the President of the United States blacking his shoes. The diplomat stared open-mouthed for a moment, then blurted: "Surely, Mr. President, you do not black your own shoes."

"Certainly," Lincoln remarked. "Tell me, whose shoes do you black?"





# We're on

# the Track

## of former Scholastic Writing Awards winners

SINCE the Scholastic Writing Awards program began over thirty years ago, thousands of young high school writers have received awards—and national recognition.

What has happened to these youngsters? Have they continued developing their writing talent? Have more of their short stories, their poetry, their journalism appeared in print? Have they used their writing ability as a key to open professional doors? What has become of them?

We know of many—authors, poets, journalists—who have already established themselves in the literary world. *You know of more!* Students in your former classes may now be doing well in many fields. Won't you drop us a note and tell us about them?

Why this sudden search? For the May 1952 Awards issue of *Literary Cavalcade*.

1952 is a big year for Scholastic Awards. It's the Silver Anniversary of Scholastic Art Awards. The Writing Awards is six years older. To bring you the complete story of the Awards programs in the *Cavalcade* Anniversary Awards issue, we felt you'd like to hear what former Awards winners are now doing.

Will you help? Just dot down on a post card or letter a few lines with the name, address and present occupation of any student you know who has received a Scholastic Writing Award. Send to Director, Scholastic Writing Awards, 351 Fourth Ave., New York 10, New York.

And don't forget the 1952 Scholastic Writing Awards. Deadlines are coming up! All national entries must be mailed to the New York office by March 1, 1952. See below for regional Awards information.

Local Writing Awards are conducted in the following areas. Write the newspaper for a Rules Booklet and send all entries directly to the paper, before the indicated deadline date. All regional winners are forwarded to New York for national judging.

Area	Newspaper Sponsor	Deadline Date	Area	Newspaper Sponsor	Deadline Date
States of Mass., Vt., N.H., Me.	Boston Post	Feb. 7	Southeast Florida	Miami Herald	Feb. 15
Greater Cleveland area	Cleveland News	Feb. 15	State of New Jersey	Newark News	Feb. 28
Southeast Michigan	Detroit News	Feb. 17	Virginia Peninsula	Times Herald, Newport News, Va.	Feb. 15
North central and west Texas	Ft. Worth Star-Telegram	Feb. 15	States of La. and Miss.	New Orleans States	Feb. 15
State of Connecticut	Hartford Courant	Feb. 15	North central Illinois	Peoria Star	Feb. 15
Upper Hudson River area	Knickerbocker News, Albany, N. Y.	Feb. 15	Western Pennsylvania	Pittsburgh Press	Feb. 16
			Capital area	Washington Evening Star, D.C.	Feb. 7
			State of Kansas	Wichita Beacon	Feb. 15

## SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS



# The teacher I'll never forget...

*Some of the faces have faded, some of the names have gone. But there's one I'll never forget. I'll always remember with gratitude the teacher who taught me to love reading and books . . .*

Would you like your students to say this of you ten years, fifteen years from now? You can cultivate in your students a love of good reading which will be a source of pleasure to them throughout their lives. You can do this by starting a Teen Age Book Club—a student-operated book plan especially designed for both teachers and students—simple to organize, easy to run.



## THE TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB — WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT OPERATES

The Teen Age Book Club is an unusual plan which introduces young people to the pleasures of reading when they are at the most receptive age. The club stimulates interest in good reading by offering a wide range of books chosen both for literary merit and teen-age appeal by a board of well-known educators.

### FOR BOTH OLDER AND YOUNGER STUDENTS

There are two divisions of the Teen Age Book Club. The Junior Division offers books for students of upper elementary and junior high grades. The Senior Division is for senior high students.

### BOOKS COST ONLY 25¢ AND 35¢

Books offered are 25¢ and 35¢ paper-bound pocket-size editions of both contemporary authors and the classics—well printed and durable, yet within the average student's budget.

### MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR COMPLETE DETAILS...

TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB  
351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send, without cost or obligation, complete information on how to start a Teen Age Book Club, together with a set of materials and a sample book. I am interested in the

☐ Junior ☐ Senior Division

Name \_\_\_\_\_

School \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

LC:2

### ADVANTAGES OF THE TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB

1. Students choose each month from a list of six or seven books, widely varied so that each can find a title related to his or her interests. Students are thus able to build their own personal libraries at low cost.
2. Members are not required to buy any specific number of books. They may buy as many or as few as they wish of the books offered during the year.
3. Many of the books cannot be purchased through regular retail outlets such as newsstands or drug stores. Some of the most popular titles are the exclusive property of the Teen Age Book Club and can be purchased by students through no other source.
4. The club is easy to run. The experience of hundreds of teachers shows that it can be efficiently operated by the students themselves with little or no work on the part of the teacher. Students elect their own secretary who handles all details.
5. All materials for organizing and operating a club are supplied free by the Teen Age Book Club.

6. **FREE DIVIDENDS.** For every four books purchased, club members have their choice of one book free at the end of the semester.

### COUPON BRINGS COMPLETE DETAILS, SAMPLE BOOK

For complete details, together with a set of materials and a sample book, fill out and mail the coupon at the left.

**TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB**  
351 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.